



THE MISSISSIPPI POETRY PROJECT
2026

MISSISSIPPI POETRY PROJECT
“Writing About Nature”
Student Poems from Across the Magnolia State

2026

FOREWORD

I am Mississippi's new Poet Laureate for the term 2025-2029, and I've been delighted to continue the Mississippi Poetry Project created by my predecessor, Catherine Pierce. This year's prompt was:

Writing About Nature: A Place I Love (or, A Place I Hate)

This prompt asks you to think about experiences you have had outdoors and choose one to write about. This experience might be something that happened once, or something that happened many times. It might be something that happened on vacation, or something that happened visiting family, or in a neighborhood park, or in your own back yard. The possibilities are wide open. The important thing is that it involved being outdoors.

This anthology celebrates more than 350 poems written by students in kindergarten through grade twelve, from schools all across the state. There are terrific range and variety in the work; you'll see poems about bugs, flowers, trees, rain, pets, birds, treehouses, grandparents, parents, siblings, football, hunting, the beach, the forests, the mountains; poems about the environmental crisis; poems about the peace and consolation that nature can offer in times of trouble. There are funny poems, joyful poems, grouchy poems, heartbreaking poems. I'm so proud of these student poets for the care and obvious pleasure they took in their work.

Please help us celebrate all the poets at the Mississippi Book Festival in Jackson next fall!

Ann Fisher-Wirth
Mississippi Poet Laureate

MISSISSIPPI POETRY PROJECT: WRITING ABOUT NATURE

SCHOOLWIDE WINNERS

KINDERGARTEN

Christopher Holden May, Magee Elementary
Hayes Sills, Northside Elementary
Kendrix Abraham, Northside Elementary
Ma’Kynzi Robinson, Gary Road Elementary
Reigny Traxler, Magee Elementary
Remington Smith, Magee Elementary
Tavis Thomas, Utica Elementary
Tori Moorhead, Northside Elementary

FIRST GRADE

Amazyn Bryant, Magee Elementary
A’Myra James, Magee Elementary
Assata Griffin, Casey Elementary
Aubrey Haltam, Northshore Elementary
Celeine Nix, Casey Elementary
Cotton Reed Bridges, Magee Elementary
Dallas Hester, Northshore Elementary
Ethan Catchings, Gary Road Elementary
George Hill, Mendenhall Elementary
Ja’kayvian Hobbs, Simpson Central
Justice Dillon, Tylertown Primary
Kaynslie Aldridge, Northshore Elementary
Londyn Myles, Gary Road Elementary
Madalyn Jones, Simpson Central
Mal’akhi Butler, Casey Elementary
Matthew Hux, Simpson Central
Paislee Smith, Tylertown Primary
Peyton Musgrove, Gary Road Elementary
Samuel Gaudet, Tylertown Primary

SECOND GRADE

Abigael Jones, Dexter Elementary
Autumn Wimberly, Pontotoc Elementary
Ava Grace Williams, Casey Elementary
Bryson Mack, Dexter Elementary
Emma Bowman, Mendenhall Elementary
Harmony West, Magee Elementary

Harper Landry, Dexter Elementary
Harper Hutchins, Northshore Elementary
Hayes Hofer, Columbia Primary
Jakari Whitehead, Casey Elementary
Jakiyah Benson, Simpson Central
Ja'Quez Magee, Mendenhall Elementary
Jaxon Patterson, Pontotoc Elementary
Judith Stowes, Simpson Central
Kinsley Myers, Mendenhall Elementary
Lalaska Jordan, Magee Elementary
Lennon Ingram, Pontotoc Elementary
Lorin Sanders, Columbia Primary
Madison Amos, Gary Road Elementary
Mason Terrell, Gary Road Elementary
McKenna Young, Lizana Elementary
Naomi Roderts, Simpson Central
Oliver Hodges, Columbia Primary
Paris Kincaid, Northshore Elementary
Peeta Proctor, Magee Elementary
Reed Wilson, Northshore Elementary
Ryleegrace Fennel, Lizana Elementary
Ryleigh Hampton, Utica Elementary
Trent Anderson, Lizana Elementary
Zoey Tyler, Casey Elementary

THIRD GRADE

Adalynne Whalum, Columbia Elementary
Adelynn Paige, Casey Elementary
Aiden Berry, D. T. Cox Elementary
Anneliese Lindeman, Mendenhall Elementary
Arely Domingo, Magee Elementary
Arizona Brown-Knight, West Wortham Elementary
Aubree Dianna Curry, Simpson Central
Audrey Cummings, D. T. Cox Elementary
Bethlehem Chacon, Casey Elementary
Bradley Andrews, Columbia Elementary
Braxton Barker, Lizana Elementary
Brienne Compton, Presbyterian Christian
Bryson Turnage, Casey Elementary
Catherine Pambianchi, Northshore Elementary
Charli Ann Chappell, Mendenhall Elementary
Emily Liddell, Presbyterian Christian
Harmony Fountain, Dexter Attendance Center

Grayson Necaize, Lizana Elementary
Holden Smith, Northshore Elementary
Janae Sandifer, Dexter Attendance Center
Kaylin Laidley, West Wortham Elementary
Kolsen Provins, Iuka Elementary
Laci Vince, Dexter Attendance Center
Lennox Ball, Northshore Elementary
Liam Drambarean, Presbyterian Christian
Maddie Herald, Iuka Elementary
Paisley Miller, Magee Elementary
Phoenix Drake, Iuka Elementary
Reagan Steele, Steele Academy Homeschool
Rylan Fortenberry, Columbia Elementary
Santiago Ayala Gomez, D. T. Cox Elementary
Silas Gaters, West Wortham Elementary
Wyatt Bueno
Zeke Adam Slater, Simpson Central

FOURTH GRADE

Aaron Fairburn, Columbia Elementary
Ava Martin, Baxterville Elementary
Bradley Barnett, Lizana Elementary
Charlie Stage, Lizana Elementary
Christian Woods, Casey Elementary
Cora Hill, D. C. Cox Elementary
Demi Zambrano, Casey Elementary
Desmond Johnston, West Wortham Elementary
Easton Park, D. C. Cox Elementary
Ed Testerman, West Wortham Elementary
Ella Tutor, D.C. Cox Elementary
Evelyn Gray, Iuka Elementary
Fisher Hannabass, Baxterville Elementary
Gibson Hinton, Iuka Elementary
Hannah Presson, Iuka Elementary
Jace Crutchfield, Simpson Central
Jaden Thomas, Casey Elementary
Ja'Kyla Pittman, Dexter Attendance Center
Juneaux Byrd, Lizana Elementary
Kenly Pigott, Baxterville Elementary
Laikynn Hampton, Utica Elementary
Ledger Smith, Mendenhall Elementary
Mallie Smith, Northshore Elementary
Maylegh Emfinger, Mendenhall Elementary

Miriam Ruiz, Mendenhall Elementary
Pacyn Breeland, Dexter Attendance Center
Parker Anne Andrews, Columbia Elementary
Princeton Sanders, Columbia Elementary
Rilynn Dixon, West Wortham Elementary
Ruby Kathryn Paul, Northshore Elementary
Serenitye Albertson, Dexter Attendance Center
Vanessa Hernandez Quintana, Northshore Elementary

FIFTH GRADE

Aaden Brown, Mississippi School for the Deaf
Aaliyah Womack, Magee Elementary
Aireyona Tatum, Magee Elementary
Aubrei-Elle Abraham, Northshore Elementary
Aubrey Chalmers, Northshore Elementary
Aubrey White, Northshore Elementary
Birdie Mae Kisor, Pontotoc Middle
Ava Stegall, West Wortham Elementary
Camden Mutone, Baxterville Elementary
Colton George, Jefferson County Elementary
Emily Moncada, Hayes Cooper Center
Emma Hailey, West Wortham Elementary
Gurfateh Walia, Mendenhall Elementary
Jaden White, Gary Road Elementary
Jayden Evans, Baxterville Elementary
Jimmel James, Jefferson County Elementary
Joslyn Dior Brown, Mississippi School for the Deaf
Journi Nash, Casey Elementary
Kacen Barber, Lizana Elementary
Kayden Little, Mendenhall Elementary
Kylen Mayers, Mississippi School for the Deaf
Marilyn Audrey Clark, Pontotoc Middle
Mateo Marquez, West Wortham Elementary
McKinley Reed, Jefferson County Elementary
Noah Congious, Hunt Intermediate
Noah Higdon, Lizana Elementary
Paris McBride, Hunt Intermediate
Piper Chemin, Baxterville Elementary
Richard Buckley, Casey Elementary
Riley Jane Seal, Mendenhall Elementary
Ruby-Lin Vineyard, Pontotoc Middle
Sasha Graham, Gary Road Elementary
Sophia Abercrombie-Stapleford, Mississippi School for the Deaf

Tyler Standfield, Hunt Intermediate
Wyatt Malley, Lizana Elementary
Zoey Smith, Casey Elementary

SIXTH GRADE

Alice Russell, Pontotoc Middle
Anderson Walker, Lizana Elementary
Antonio Pratt, Hunt Intermediate
Ayden Johnson, Magee Middle School
Brailyn Woods, West Wortham Elementary
Brittini Hubbard, Magee Middle School
Brooklyn Barnett, Lizana Elementary
Ellie Patterson, Lizana Elementary
Fisher Sharp, Mendenhall Elementary
Gabriel Peden, West Wortham Elementary
Isabella McGee, Hunt Intermediate
Jensen Moran, West Wortham Elementary
Korbyn Pickering, Pontotoc Middle
Laughlin Berry, Oxford Intermediate
Leah Bowen, Pontotoc Middle
Noah White, Magee Middle School
oniyah mckinnis, Mendenhall Elementary
Ryen Pind, Oxford Intermediate
Saadiq Rhodes, Mendenhall Elementary
Sadie Blankenship, Oxford Intermediate
Valerie Perry, Hunt Intermediate

SEVENTH GRADE

Aaron Baker, West Harrison Middle
Anne Marie Cox, Senatobia Middle
Ava Fletcher, Mendenhall High
Ayla Vaughn, Senatobia Middle
Brayden Fennell, West Harrison Middle
Carly Couvillion, Gautier Middle
Caylee Barron, Mendenhall High
Clayton Burgess, Magee Middle
Edwar Orocio-Mendoza, Columbus Middle
Janiah Lockett, Magee Middle
Jeffrey Perez Suarez, Columbus Middle
Kairis Holliman, Pass Christian Intermediate
Kassidy Parker, West Marion Middle
Kazlie Ladner, Pass Christian Intermediate

Lorelai Gollogly, West Harrison Middle
Manar El Ochy, Columbus Middle
McKinley Dillard, New Albany Middle
Miracle Johnson, Senatobia Middle
Myra Madishetty, Clinton Junior High
Price Rogers, Gautier Middle
Rahlei Birdsall, Magee Middle
Riley Forbes, West Marion Middle
Rylan Webber, Pontotoc Junior High
Sadie Stringer, West Marion Middle
Serenity Skiffer, Mendenhall High
Shalaya Smith, Pontotoc Junior High
Tatem B. Morrow, Gautier Middle

EIGHTH GRADE

Aa'Keyla Hill, Mendenhall High
Angel Marie Davis, Columbus Middle
Brenda Pierce, Gautier Middle
Chloe Oppedal, Caledonia Middle
Dyanna Miles, Pass Christian Intermediate
Elijah Burkes, Scott Central Attendance Center
Elijah Hickman, Mendenhall High
Ella Tullos, Clinton Junior High
Emma Hale, Senatobia Middle
Jacquelyn Gallup, Pass Christian Intermediate
Jeremiah Guidry, Vancleave Middle
Jraysen Cuevas, West Harrison Middle
Kaelynn Harris, Gautier Middle
Laurel Malone, New Albany Middle
Leanna Pruneda, Gautier Middle
Lucas Edwards, Senatobia Middle
Maddison Edelen, West Harrison Middle
Maddox Nickels, Senatobia Middle
Madyson Matthes, Caledonia Middle
May Saleh, Columbus Middle
Micki Grace Forrester, Caledonia Middle
Nevaeh Vogel, West Harrison Middle
Savannah Durr, Mendenhall High

NINTH GRADE

Aisha Waseem Gul, Oxford High
Alyssa Parker, Raymond High

Anne Lisi, Oxford High
A'Zariah Conerly, Columbia High
Betsabe Roblero, Raymond High
Charlotte Dupree, Pass Christian High
Daylah Winfrey, Gary Road Intermediate
Jaslyn Dixon, Raymond High
Jasmine Dozier, New Hope High
Jayden White, Oxford High
Kaden Gros, East Marion High
Kailey Peterson, DeSoto Central High
Kandy Delgado Ramirez, Columbia High
Kate Needham, Pass Christian High
Katelyn Oatis, Columbia High
Katherine Krueger, Cleveland Central High
Kaylee Buck, Mississippi School for the Blind
Kaylee Good, Pontotoc High
Kelsie Smith, Columbia High
Kenzy Flowers, Gary Road Intermediate
Lily Coker, Northwest Rankin High
Maddisyn Spight, Okolona High
Madilyn Dixon, Magee High
Maleigh Roberts, East Marion High
Mya Morris, Okolona High
Taryn Barber, Columbia High
Troy Dykes, Columbia High
Za'riah Johnson, Okolona High
Zuri Pearson, Gary Road Intermediate

TENTH GRADE

Ayden Griffith, Magee High
Carlin Barkley, Falkner High
Casey Boyd, Newton High
Cason Smith, Columbia High
Conner Lumpkin, Falkner High
Desirae Flowers, Newton High
Destiny Sutton, East Marion High
Elizabeth Lucas, Magee High
Jaydon Lucas, DeSoto Central High
John Stubblefield, Hernando High
Johnya Johnson, Mendenhall High
Kaelyn Howard, Mendenhall High
Kalley Bonee, Falkner High
Karlie Prize, Taylorsville High

Ke'Miyah Jimison, Mississippi School for the Blind
Kimberly Trejo, Hernando High
Kylie Cabellero, Pontotoc High
Kylie Rose, Magee High
Marianna Taylor, Mendenhall High
Max Chen, DeSoto Central High
Natalie Coker, Raymond High
Nuby Sylaria, Newton High
Ryley Lilly, Raymond High
Sadie Alexander, Oxford High
Serenity "Jade" Johnson, East Marion High
Sophia Fowler, Pass Christian High
Trinity Langlinais, Pass Christian High
Tyler Osborne, Terry High
Victoria Addison Mann, DeSoto Central High
Zion Smith, East Marion High

ELEVENTH GRADE

Alvin Buckley, Mississippi School for the Blind
Amari Evans, Raymond High
Brianna Crain, Mendenhall High
Brookelynn Brewer, Mendenhall High
Brooklyn Barnes, Magee High
Bryson Foxworth, Columbia High
Calashia Wofford, Pontotoc High
Christopher Chen, Mississippi School for Mathematics and Science
D. J. Caldwell, Falkner High
Emma Gong, Cleveland Central High
Ja'Laya Kitchens, Magee High
Joe Adkins, Pass Christian High
K.Moon, Oxford High School
Kady Duncan, Falkner High
Kahlen Taylor, Raymond High
Kamdyn Patrick, Mississippi School for Mathematics and Science
Kara Best, Pontotoc High
Kenna Groves, DeSoto Central High
Kirian Rogers, Okolona High
Kirkland Jones, Kosciusko High
Lakeria Carouthers, Okolona High
Layla Nicholson, Kosciusko High
Madelene Vo, Pass Christian High
Mariam Lynch, Belmont High
Marlie Sanders, East Marion High

Nick Scott, Mississippi School of the Arts
Peyton Havelin, Pass Christian High School
Rainey Hamilton, Cleveland Central High
Robin Russell, Mississippi School of the Arts
Rosalie Bell, Kosciusko High
Ryleigh Brasher, Magee High
Sophia Irene Doyle, Mississippi School for Mathematics and Science
Stephany Becerril, Cleveland Central High
Taleiah Kendricks, East Marion High
Tamara Garcia, Pontotoc High
Thea Cates-Foster, Mississippi School of the Arts
Tre’vuan Vance, Okolona High
William Treadaway, Falkner High
Zamon Perry, East Marion High

TWELFTH GRADE

Alex Bolton, Columbia High
Althea Wells, Mississippi School for Mathematics and Science
Annalyse Patterson, Pass Christian High
Aubrey Stubbs, Falkner High
Austin Byrd, Falkner High
Camden Lathan, Okolona High
Cameron Woods, Southaven High
Cloie Louge, Columbia High
Colin Chung, Mississippi School for Mathematics and Science
Elayjah Earles, Mississippi School of the Arts
Ephraim Pannell, Belmont High
Ethan Lenox, DeSoto Central High
Faniyah Smith, Scott Central Attendance Center
Greyer Holt, Magee High
Halie Bramlett, Pontotoc High
Harley Burnworth, Magee High
Hunter Gadd, Falkner High
Jake Watson, Meridian Center for Classical Learning
Jocelyn Davidson, Okolona High
John Colton Purser, Magee High
Jordan Giles, Oxford High
Joshua Brown, Okolona High
Kierstyn Warner, Mississippi School of the Arts
Kristin Ann Walden, East Marion High
Max Todd, Pontotoc High
Nakhole Marshall, Raymond High
Nikolas Piernas, Pass Christian High

Olivia Duckworth, Pass Christian High
Samantha Bond, Pontotoc High
Sasha Harvey, Mississippi School for Mathematics and Science
Stephanie Hartmann, Mississippi School of the Arts

These poems were accidentally left out of the 3rd grade section.

All About Songbirds

Braxton Barker

When I go outside
There were singing
I heard it.
It was a songbird.
It sings all
Night and day.
It sounds beautiful.
I keep hearing it
All night and day.
I kept the memory of it.
It made me fall
Asleep at night.

Turtles

Wyatt Bueno

Turtles have existed for 220 million years.
There are 350 species of turtles.
Turtles are famous for their shells.
The Turtle's shells are their spines.
Turtles can grow up to 130 centimeters.
They can hold their breath for up to five hours.
Turtles can't grow out of their shells.
They like the breeze when it is hot because in the summer the water gets hot.
Turtles are green because they like the breeze.
Turtles survived the dinosaur extinction.
Turtles are tough.

These poems were accidentally left out of the 4th grade section.

Weather of Peace

Parker Anne Andrews

Weather is not a bad thing.
It waters our plants—
Grass, farms, wheat, corn.
It waters our ponds, lakes, oceans.

The rain is God's plan.
The rain helps a lot through
our rough world
even when it's hard work
even when the day never ends.
Does not mean that the things outside don't work;
They do their job
just like God.

Nature Cold

Aaron Fairburn

There was something gold.
It looked like pieces were falling off.
It looked like it was trying to survive.
It was a plant that almost died
In the winter cold.

A Bird Poem

Princeton Sanders

Birds have color even the ones that bite.
But if a bird comes into your house, it will be chirping all night.

Birds have wings; they can catch up to a plane flight.
But birds have lots of energy, so they will try to fly with all of their might.

Birds have a pointy thing on their mouth called a beak.
But birds won't let you look, not even a peek.

This poem was accidentally left out of the 5th grade section.

The Beach

Jaden White

The clouds come dark like a bruised sheet of lead,
Hanging over the beach.
The wind feels bitter the sand feels soft and moist,
Coldfoam crawls up the shoreline.
Nothing has any feelings.
I like walking here in the winter because it is so peaceful here,
No one else is here, just me and this restless shore.
The waves crash on the shore and make a big sound, then wash away.
The seagulls flap their wings above me as they fly away,
The weather feels like nothing, as if I'm in space.

This specific beach makes me feels somewhat peace,

And I really like being here at this beach because it's just quiet and peaceful,
Rather than loud

And these poems were accidentally left out of the 8th grade section.

Memories of a Broken Past

Brenda Pierce

The swing I held onto for years
The rope of it I gripped as I held my tears
Sometimes it was dark out
sometimes it was light
But I will never forget how I had to fight.

The leaves crackled under me
The sun was heated
But the wind blew cold
As I stepped up to my swing
I forgot all my problems
As the time went by

For those 30 minutes
I told my trauma
"Goodbye"

I will forever remember the wood
Or the feelings of the rope
It was always me, myself, and nobody else but the cold
Sometimes it's nice

To be alone

The wind flowed past my nicely
It gets feisty with my tangled, unkept hair

As soon as I stepped onto the grass
I felt no one's stares
Nobody but me and the trees
Who were free

Autumn Leaves Start to Fall

Kaelynn Harris

As the color of the leaves change pumpkins come into season

You feel a breeze as you step outside to go out for the evening
And as autumn leaves start to fall you believe you found a meaning
You get to go to pumpkin patches, have a nice cup of good coffee
You go to the store and find a bunch of pumpkin flavored toffee
Friday night lights in the distance the crowd is loud and proud
The smell of woodsmoke hangs so sweet a nice hazy thread
A silent cozy blanket on the world as the day sheds
You pull your collar towards the wind a chilly breeze in the air
But as you feel the air blowing you don't seem to have a care.

It Will Always be Summer '25

Leanna Pruneda

When we were on the beach
Sitting around as if you didn't have a girlfriend
All I could hear was the ocean waves crashing and your laugh
Sand in between our toes, you next to me,
It was the happiest yet worst I've ever felt.
Smelling sea salt, laughing—
Just laughing, enjoying each other's presence.
We both knew we needed it, but we didn't admit it.
Seashells, the prettiest seashell ever,
The one you gave me, it's still on my dresser
I look at it every day and think of you
And that one day on the beautiful Florida beach.
Every time I go to Florida Beach I always remember you
The ocean waves and your laugh,
I always try to find a seashell just like the one you got me
But nothing ever looks like the one you gave me.

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KINDERGARTEN

Waterfalls

Christopher Holden May

My most beautiful place is next to a waterfall.
Whether Mississippi, Arkansas, or Texas,
I love them all!
I love the trees for the shade
And the rocks how they are laid
The rushing water feels good upon my feet.
But the pictures I get to take are pretty neat.
What I hate about nature,
Is all the ugly bugs that bite.
I love to find a place to hide
And want to stay there all day and night.

Fishing

Hayes Sills

Looks like brown and green trees.
Feels happy and slimy.
Smells fishy.
Plops Slaps Jumps
I caught a Bluegill!

Just Outside

Kendrix Abraham

I like the trees. They wiggle in the breeze.
I like the slide where I glide
I like the swings.
I fly like a bird with wings.

My Day at the Beach

Ma'Kynzi Robinson

The sun is out
A rainbow in the sky
Seagulls flying high

Pail and shovel in hand
Made a sandcastle
With lots of sand

To beat the heat
I got a tasty treat
A popsicle cold and sweet

I always have fun
I run, run, run
A good day in the sun

The waves come in
The sand it meets
Leaving water on my feet

I had a great day
Wish I could stay
To play, play, play

At the Beach

Reigny Traxler

The sandy beach is the best place to be,
I love to feel the grains of sand always touching me.
The sound of the blue, crisp waters throwing the pretty, blue waves,
Is so calming and peaceful on certain days.
I love to dig in the tan colored sand,
And throw some of it up high not knowing where it will land.
At the beautiful, sandy beach is here I want to be,
Sitting watching the waves as they watch me.

Baseball in Bilox

Remington Smith

It was a hot summer day
in Biloxi, Mississippi-
the kind of day that feels slow and sweet,
where sunlight sticks to your skin.

It was a good day,
until suddenly
I screamed-

a yellow jacket
stung my hand,
sharp as a spark.
It hurt,
and sadness welled up in me.

My aunt
the one I called Doc-
pressed cool ice against my right hand, her
touch soft enough to chase the sting away.
But the best part of that long summer day
was watching the girls play baseball,
their laughter ringing
across the park,
while I rolled in the grass
with my friends.

When the game was over,
the fun kept going- BIG PLAY theme park
lit up the night.
I rode bumper cars, steered a golf cart,
and felt the wild winds
of the hurricane machine.
I was excited,
wild with joy.
and by the time it ended,
I had played so hard
I'd spent
every last dollar.

Nature Magic
Tavis Thomas

A place I love,
Maybe it has doves.
The most beautiful place I've ever seen,
Isn't in a book or on a screen.
It's a place where the sun feels warm and bright,
And the stars come out to say good night.
Where the ocean is so blue.
And sometimes have the best moon view.

Maybe it's a beach with warm, soft sand,
Where seashells sprinkle in your hand
Or in a forest where the tall trees sway.
And birds sing songs to start the day.

It could be a garden full of fireflies,
Or a mountain that reaches up to the skies.
But do you know what I've learned is true?
The best place is the one that feels special to you.

Where you feel brave, free, or happy,
that's the most beautiful place to me.
Because nature's magic lives everywhere,
In every tree, flower, or breath of air.

Roses Are Red
Tori Morehead

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I like the sky
How about you?

FIRST GRADE

Water
Amazyn Bryant

I like the water because it's fun.
I like the water when it runs.

I like the water because it's cold.
I like the water when it folds.

I like the water because it's blue.
I like the water when I can't catch the flu.

I like the water because it's fun!

Round and Round the Seasons Go

A'Myra James

Spring brings flowers, pink and new,
Raindrops fall and skies turn blue.

Summer shines so warm and bright,
Long, fun days and stars at night.

Fall paints leaves red and gold,
Cooler air, not hot or cold.

Winter comes with snow so white,
Cozy fires and soft moonlight.

Round and round the seasons go,
Changing fast, then nice and slow.

Nature's Superheroes

Assata Griffin

A lizard changes colors bright,
An owl can see in the darkest night.

A cheetah runs super fast and free,
A turtle hides safely in its shell, you see.

A starfish grows an arm again,
A gorilla is strong just like a friend.

All around, big or small—
Nature's superheroes amaze us all.

A Place I Love

Aubrey Haltam

Looks like a pretty orange and red sunset
Feels like wet sand to make a sandcastle
Smells like salty and fresh air
Tastes like a cold strawberry popsicle
Sounds like rough waves in the ocean
I love the beach

The Nature I See

Celeine Nix

I see stars that shine so bright,
I see the moon that looks like a pearl in my sight.
The moth that flies by my face
Makes me giggle in a silly way!
The water makes me want to splash
And gives me a way to cool off fast.
The animals I love, both big and small,
THIS is the nature I see,
Winter...Summer...Spring...and Fall.

Putting Food on the Table

Cotton Reed Bridges

I was walking through the woods one day
looking for some deer.
When I looked up and seen a buck
that was ever so clear.
He was grazing in the woods, near my tree stand, so big,
when I noticed he was eating on a fat juicy fig.
I was headed to put out some corn,
so the deer would have a sweet treat to eat.
Then my dad told me to get in the deer stand,
so we might could kill some meat.
I hopped up in the stand with might,
hoping to see that big one standing in my sight.
It felt like minutes turned into hours and hours into days,
when my dad got onto his knees and softly started to pray.
DADDY! I softly whispered
and summoned his attention to the field,
That big ole buck finally made his way out into the grass.
now it was my turn to go in for the final deal.

A Place I Love

Dallas Hester

Looks like green, green, green grass and trees
Feels like slippery moss on the rocks
Smells like stink bugs under tree bark
Tastes like honey and ham on slices of bread
Sounds like blue jays calling and geese honking
I love the Quarry Trails

Spring

Justin Dillon

Spring is good.
Spring is neat.
Foxes and ducks
Come out to eat.
Pigs and cows
Come out to play.
All the animals
In every way.

A Place I Love

Kaynslie Aldridge

Looks like green trees big and small
Feels like slimy gooey moss on the ground
Smells like sweet flowers blooming in the trees
Tastes like a sour apple for a snack
Sounds like animals crunching in the leaves
I love the woods

Fishing

London Myles

I went fishing with my pawpaw.
The weather was warm and nice
And the fish were biting.
My Pawpaw baited my hook with a worm.
Yucky, right.
Then it was time to fish,
And guess what...
I caught a fish!

The Beach

Madalyn Jones

I see seagulls flying.
I hear seagulls.
I smell ocean water.
I taste pizza.

I feel the sand.
I am at my favorite place, the beach.

The Lake
Mal'akhi Butler

I like to go to Daddy's house in Georgia to see the lake behind the trees.
I love to see the bright colors on the boats and people swimming,
And the feel of the cool breeze.
I love how the sun lights up the sky.
I always see big, beautiful kids fly by.
I love the smell of the food on all of the grills.
I even like to take pictures of the big fish I catch on my reel.
Then the night falls and the mosquitoes begin to bite.
They swell my body up so bad you would think I got into a fight.
We sing songs and pack up the site.
I make sure that I grab everything, so I turn on my flashlight.
Everything is packed and now it's time to leave.
I can fall asleep peacefully and dream about the mountains, streams,
And that lake behind the trees.

The Baseball Field
Matthew Hux

I see boys hitting.
I hear people cheering.
I smell nachos.
I taste cheetos.
I feel the ball hitting the glove.
I am at my favorite place, the baseball field.

Ladybug
Paislee Smith

A ladybug is bright red.
It has black spots.
A flowerpot is its bed.
Can you count the polkadots?

Night Sky

Peyton Musgrove

The moon shines over the town
It does not make a sound

The moon can be
Small and you can't see it at all

The moon can be big and bright
it is such a sight

The stars come out at night
They shine with all their light

I like to look up at the stars so far away
And at night they play

The Swamp

Samuel Gaudet

The Swamp is dirty,
But it is worthy.
I can fish.
This is my wish,
To keep an alligator as my pet.
That would be my best trip yet!

SECOND GRADE

My Annabelle

Abigael Jones

My new pet is a dog
She is round and fat like a hog.
She loves to run and chase a ball.
She chases me up and down the hall!

Annabelle likes to jump in puddles.
She gives me the warmest cuddles!
My dog is as sweet as can be.
She is the perfect pet for me.

Midnight Mosquitoes

Ava Grace Williams

When the moon is shining bright,
Mosquitoes come out for the night.
They float like tiny shadows near
And buzz that sound I always hear.
They circle slowly round my head
Like little clouds that fill with dread.
I swat at the air, but they swoop low
Moving fast—too fast to know.
They land so soft upon my arm
Like they're trying to cause no harm.
But then I feel that sharp little bite—
A tiny pinch that gives me fright.
I jump, I scratch, I rub my skin
Knowing one mosquito wins again.
Their itchy bumps are hard to ignore,
And soon I count five, maybe more!
So every night I hope and pray
That mosquitoes stay far, far away.

Snow Day

Autumn Wimberly

Sitting in my room
Needing to help my mom clean
Opening the door to run in the snow
Watching the snow fall out of the sky.
Doing snow angels in the snow
Angels coming out of the sky
Yay, what a beautiful day to play!

When I Got Hurt

Bryson Mack

I fell and skinned my knee.
I cried for someone to please help me!
I sat alone on the playground.
But no one heard a sound!

Suddenly, my mom appeared.
I was so happy she was near.

She cheered me up and took me home.
Then, I enjoyed an ice-cream cone!

Beach Sunset

Emma Bowman

It's like the beach. Waves are waving fish Sand
is rough on your feet
When it's sunset the sun won't glow
That means
it's night.

Violets

Harmony West

Violets are red and Violets are blue
Nature is sweet and so are you
Nature, oh wonderful nature,
You are so beautiful with green trees and humming bees.
The grass is so green and water is so clean
Such beauty before I have not seen
Oh wonderful nature God's creation.

Covered in Sand

Harper Hutchins

My brother buried my hand
I couldn't move in the sand.

I couldn't break free
My eyes were stinging with salt from the sea.

I Went Hiking

Harper Landry

Hiking is fun to me.
I climb high so I can see.
Way up high above the trees!

The birds are chirping all around.
It's a long way to the ground!

I open my eyes and look to both sides.
Oh, the beauty I find!

All About Snakes

Hayes Hofer

These creatures are sometimes deadly,
but sometimes nice.
But don't treat them wrong because they could go extinct.
So let the endangered snakes be free.

My Backyard

Jakari Whitehead

The wind feels soft on my skin
Like a hug from an old friend.
The sun is warm on my face.
My backyard is my favorite place.

I like how the flowers smell
Like candy, I can always tell.
The grass is sharp and very green.
This is the best backyard I've ever seen.

I like the sky; it's big and blue.
My backyard has the best view.
I like the clouds; they are like fluffs.
I love nature; I can't get enough.

The place I love

Jakiyah Benson

I see people playing.
I feel the wind.
I hear the birds chirping.
I smell the wind.
I love playing with my friend and family.
I like fishing and reading books by the lake.
My favorite place is the park in Cristal Spring park.

Magnolia!
Ja'Quez Magee

I enjoy my magnolia tree outside.
I like to watch many mammals atop the tree.
I can even see the cars pass by in my tree.
I love my tree at nighttime.
It's the best place to be!

Throwing the Football Outside with Patrick Mahomes

Jaxon Patterson

First, a Hail Mary.
Then I will throw a screen pass.
An action pass next.

The place I love

Judith Stowers

I see deer, ducks, and water.
I feel like I belong here.
I hear quacking and water flowing.
I smell fresh river water.
My favorite place is the river.

The Park

Kinsley Myers

When I went to the park
I love it because it has a lot of stuff
And because you can have parties
Being at the park makes me happy

The Happy Place

Lalaska Jordan

The happy place is a place to go, where there is peace.
When I am not eating a peach,
I like to go to the beach.

The sand on the beach is hot,
but I like it a lot
Then there is the ocean,
Before going, I put on sun tan lotion
So when I am in the sun too long,
I find shade where it belong.
So the ocean and beach is a place to be,
it is so you want to relax and look at the sea

My Favorite Bird

Lennon Ingram

Bald, what do you eat?
A big bird that can fly fast
Long feathers falling
Do you ever swoop to the ground?
Eager to fly
A strong bird
Good flyer
Leader bird
Eager to land

Ocean Beauty

Lorin Sanders

Salty taste with colorful fish.
The sun goes down.

Recess Air

Madison Amos

My favorite time of day,
Is to go outside at recess to play.

I run through the doors to get outside,
and feel the sunny breeze,
I love to smell the flowers
Even though it makes me sneeze.

I love how the swing makes my
Hair fly in the wind,

I love it even better when I am
Pushed high in the fresh air by a friend.

The bright sunny sun shines on me as
It gives me a tan,
I love the nature so much
But the bugs should have a ban.

My shoes get so dirty as I
Stomp them in the dirt,
My legs get so sweaty as
I cartwheel in my skirt.

The birds chirp
The kids yell,
As recess is over
We go back inside with our playful pits smell.

Nature Is a Show

Mason Terrell

Nature is a beautiful SHOW.
There's nature in music if you listen.
Let's go outside and watch the trees GROW.

The whispering wind is a calm noise to my EARS.
Nature gives us no FEAR.

The sun was beaming down BRIGHT.
Look up to see a bright LIGHT.

Look a little deeper into nature
It's a beautiful show.

Summertime

McKenna Young

It's summertime!
I listen to my windchime.
The hottest time of the year.
Singing birds I hear.
I hop in the pool
Cause the water is so cool.
Once I see a bee

Out of the pool, I flee.
I look behind me
For the bee.
In relief I pant
And sat by the plant.

I see stars at night

Naomi Roderts

I see stars at night.
I feel happy at night.
I smell fresh air and grass.
I hear kids singing twinkle twinkle little star.
I sing Twinkle Twinkle Little star with my dad.
My dad sees stars too.
My favorite place is outside.

The Sky

Oliver Hodges

I love nature -
The fresh air,
The wind.
When its nighttime,
I see shooting stars.
When its morning,
I look up, its so beautiful.
I see the sunset,
Oh its just beautiful;
It's so beautiful!
I can't stop looking at it!

Bee!

Paris Kincaid

There is a bee
In the tree
Run! Run! Run!
As fast as I can
Someone come and help me!

A Rainy Night

Peeta Proctor

A rainy night in the sky
High up high up, the clouds do cry.

The beautiful sun looks down at the trees with a beautiful smile
As the sun warms its branches and its leaves.

Once the sun rises, I wake up and get ready for school.
Then I step outside, and I feel the cool wind.

It blows the leaves, and it blows on me.
As the wind blows through my hair, I think about the raindrops,

The sunsets, and the noise of the wind rushing past my ears

Fishing Trip

Reed Wilson

I caught a shark
It made me want to bark.
I made cast after cast.
I wish I could catch a fish
But they all swam past.

Square Pumpkin

Ryleegrace Fennel

There was a pumpkin.
The pumpkin was square.
Everyone laughed at the square pumpkin
because it was a square not round.
It was grown in a greenhouse
because they wanted it to be born there.
It was in a special container that makes squares.
That's how he was a square pumpkin.

Furry Friends

Ryleigh Hampton

Cats are furry, soft, and sweet,
With tiny paws and bouncy feet.

They love to play with yarn and string,
And chase the shadows of bird wings.
They curl up cozy on my bed,
And purr so gently by my leg.
I love cats, my furry friends,
I hope our fun never ends!

Butterfly Life Cycle Trent Anderson

It starts as an egg.
It hatches and comes out.
A baby grows big.
It is now a Caterpillar
It grows bigger.
Next it turns into a chrysalis
It stays in it.
Then it becomes a butterfly.
It lays eggs
And it dies.

I Don't Like Bugs Zoey Tyler

I really don't like bugs at all,
Not the big ones or the small.
Ants that tickle my toes,
Flies that buzz around my nose.

Beetles creeping on my chair,
Spiders hanging everywhere!
Worms that wiggle in the dirt.
Just looking at them makes me squirt!

Some kids say that bugs are cool,
But I don't think that's true at school.
If I see one, I say "Eek!"
And jump up on my chair and squeak!

Maybe bugs are good outside,
But when I see them, I just hide!

THIRD GRADE

What I Like about Nature

Adelynn Paige

I love the flowers in the spring,
The colors that they always bring.
Red and yellow, pink and blue,
A garden feels like magic, too!

Butterflies dance in the sky
Waving their wings as they fly.
They flutter gently in the breeze
Landing softly where they please.

Lily pads float on ponds so still
Where frogs may sit if they will.
Green and round like tiny rafts,
They gently drift along their paths.

Raindrops tap the windowpane.
A gentle song sung by the rain.
It makes me feel calm and slow
As I watch the dark clouds grow.

Nature is full of wonders bright
That fill my heart with pure delight.

Haiku Poem on Thorns

Adalynne Whalum

When I see a thorn,
I try to miss it, it hurts.
Then my legs get sore.

Oops! It's Autumn Again!

Aiden Berry

Apples are falling.....
Bonk! On my head!

Under the rake,

my leaves all spread.

Too many sweaters,
I can barely bend!

Up jumps my dog....
There goes my leaves again!

My nose turns red.
My toes get cold.

Not raking again...
at least until I'm old!

Nice Day Outside
Anneliese Lindeman

I went outside and felt the wind blowing.
I see the kids playing.
I see the green grass.
I see the colorful flowers and the sun
shining bright.
I see the blue sky and the pretty, white and big clouds.
I see the ants crawling by the trees and a lizard family.
I see an orange and pretty butterfly landing on a pink flower.

Arely's Little Sunflower
Arely Domingo

Nature is beauty,
There is so much to see.
Nature is beauty,
Let's plant a seed.

I drop the seed and pat it tight,
Then water it just right with light.
I watch it grow every day,
Finally I see a yellow flower come into way.

Nature is beauty,
There is so much to see.
A beautiful sunflower.
How can it be?

Nature Trip
Arizona Brown-Knight

There is a lot of danger in nature,
But tree or animals like bees are safer.
Sometimes it rains, snows, or even has sunny days,
Nature can have weather many different ways.
On the way to school,
Most of the time it is cool.
In the summer it is hot a lot,
It was a fun nature trip.

Nature Is Lovely
Aubree Dianna Curry

Nature is lovely, so are butterflies.
Sometimes I sit outside listening to birds chirping.
Sometimes I yell at them though.

What's in Nature
Audrey Cummings

In nature, you can swing and run.
In nature, you can slide and climb.
In nature, you have a lot of fun.
In nature, you can read and rhyme.

In nature, you can see a lot of water.
In nature, water is everywhere.
Water is the home to an otter.
Drinking water is a way to show your body care.

In nature, there are animals.
Like birds that fly high,
and dogs that bark loud.
There are baby animals.
Nature's animals make me proud.

In nature, it is peaceful.
You can lay on a mat.
You can listen to the birds.
You can wear a hat.

My Nature Heart Place

Bethlehem Chacon

The island is warm and bright.
The beach is golden, the waves, just right.
Palm trees dance in the windy air.
Sand gets stuck in my toes and hair.

My mom was born where the ocean sings,
Where coqui frogs go *koo-kee* in spring.
At night, they chirp a sleepy song.
It helps me dream all night long.

She plays the sound when it is time for bed.
I close my eyes, rest my head.
I feel the breeze, I hear the sea.
Puerto Rico, my nature heart place to be.

Ocean

Bradley Andrews

Up above the ocean seagulls fly
While down below the jellyfish glide.
Deep, deep down below things can be found
But you need to get off the ground.

Mountains

Brianne Compton

Mountains are big and rocky.
I use a bag to pick up rocks on the way,
And sometimes I can find some feathers.

I saw no bears.
I found some flowers big and small,
I found some little flowers.
They were so cute and so tiny.
I love the mountains so much.

Summertime

Bryson Turnage

Summertime is my favorite time of the year.
When the end of the school year is near.

The flowers are blooming; the sun is shining in my face.
My friends are gathered outside preparing for a race.
With 100-degree weather, sweat dripping down my face,
Oh, how I wish for a glass of ice-cold lemonade.
But I just run under the nearest tree to enjoy the shade.
The dogs are barking; the cats are climbing the tree.
The birds are soaring; the bees are chasing me.
As we breathe the fresh air and let out a cheer,
It's summertime! It's finally here!

WASPS!

Catherine Pambianchi

Wasps, wasps you are so mean.
Wasps, wasps you have a big sting!
Wasps, wasps I got stung by you twice.
Wasps, wasps it didn't feel so nice!
Wasps, wasps you are no help to Earth.
Wasps, Wasps please don't give anymore birth!

Deer

Charli Ann Chappell

An eye
Then an ear
I think I see a deer
Hiding behind that big tree
A stomp
Then a flash
And he's gone in a dash
I think the deer just saw me

Nature

Emily Liddell

Nature is

An animal's home to hibernate
Pointy tree tops high in the sky
Bird singing in the air
Flowers growing everywhere.

The Cold Winter

Grayson Necaïse

I go outside, I feel a breeze,
The next thing I know is I feel a freeze.
I see snowflakes fall
So, I play with them all.
I saw a tree,
and it started to freeze.
I told my cousins to come and play
but they said, "Not today".
I was lonely with no-one to play.
So, I built a snowman and shouted "Hurray!"

Ocean Life Entertainment

Harmony Fountain

All types of animals living in the water, deep.
Dolphins swim up and take a leap.

Sharks swim low and open their jaws.
Beware of their vicious teeth,
They're sharper than a cat's claws.

Hiding in the coral reef below,
You'll find a clownfish to start the show!

Dive a little deeper, an octopus you'll find;
With eight tentacles, and a defense that blinds with ink.
They look identical to a fish made of jelly.

Speaking of the jellyfish, please put your hands together for the stinger!
The shock it sends would surely put you through the ringer.

Now with the finest claws,
The juicy crab does its crab walk down the runway.
Everyone is in awe.

Hey, look over there.
Is that a fountain I see?
No, silly, it's a whale blowing water from its spout,
They're just trying to breathe.

All types of animals living in the water, deep.

A place that is always on the move,
No time for beauty sleep.

Nature's Treasures

Holden Smith

Sound, I hear it chirping
You're a bird
I see it croaking
You're a frog
Nature is silent it flows like a river
And let's its tree hush in the wind
It has flowers that grow for miles and miles
It will take you away
To a place with beautiful grass and a great blue sky
As you wonder where you are
You realize you belong here
That is what I love about nature

The Beauty of Nature

Janae Sandifer

When you step out into nature,
What wonders do you see?
The grass, the sky, the flowers, the trees?

Hundreds of masterpieces waiting to unfold.
Put down your phone and let the tv sleep.
The beauty in nature never gets old.

I Love the Forest

Kaylin Laidley

The forest is my happy place,
Running at a very fast pace.
Leaves are moist and lizards have fun,
In the grass I will always run.
In the trees as they swing,

A bird flies past with its wing,
Making pine soda with things that I find,
Using leaves, water, and pine.
We made spears out of sticks,
And vaults out of bricks.
We made a fake house that I played in with my friends,
Then it was time for our day on the trails to end.

Fish Pond

Kolsen Provins

Fish Pond
Quiet, Rippling
Standing on the grassy bank
Stepping into the muddy water
Catching a shiny, unique sun bass
Joy

When I Met the Ocean

Laci Vince

I met the ocean on the coast
Where I heard the beautiful sounds of the crashing waves hitting one another.
I dove in, came up for air and fell back into the waves.
Floating on my back, the gentle waves pushed me to shore.
Peace.
Sunshine.
Carefree.

Sharing Trees

Lennox Ball

Trees are so good. Trees are so good!
They let us use them to have a fun childhood.
Climbing up high, climbing up high
Until you reach the BIG BLUE SKY!

Trees are so good. Trees are so good!
They give us oxygen and air so we can thrive!
Oh, good trees we will give you lots of care.
Thank you, good trees for wanting to share!

God's Nature

Liam Drambarean

Blue, green, red, and pink are all different colors that are unique.
Waterfalls are blue just like God created for me and you.
Chickens, cows, pigs, and turkeys some of them make beef jerky.
Animals are nice, and some are mean.
Some can fly, some can walk, and some can even talk.
That is what God's nature is to me from what I can see.

Winter White

Maddie Herald

Sparkling, fluffy white flakes
So cold I can see my breath
White, icy blankets of snow
Covering the ground
Bright white everywhere
Then I go sledding

Paisley's Day at the Pond

Paisley Miller

Nature is beautiful,
A pond is peaceful
As I sit and gaze at all of nature's beauty,
I spot a green frog,
Sitting on a long log.

A day at the pond is peaceful,
I am fond about a pond.
I like to spend it fighting.
I find myself sitting on the dock,
Wishing while fishing.
Wishing to catch a beautiful little fish,
I wish, I wish, I wish.

Nature is beautiful,
There is so much to view.
I like to look for lily pads,
I bet you would too.

Campsite
Phoenix Drake

Campsite
Green, woody
Swimming, skipping rocks, making s'mores
Playing outdoor games with my sister
Fun

Blue Bird for a Day
Reagan Steele

I think blue birds are cool!
I feel like if they could, they'd rule.
They fly in and out of bird bath pools.
They get to fly and play all day,
and in winter, they fly away.
How awesome it would be
If a blue bird played with me.
How exciting and how free
If I could be a blue bird in a tree.

Creeks
Rylan Fortenberry

In creeks, the water will be cold;
and in creeks, sometimes you can find gold.
There's fish in there, I was told.
At the bottom of the creek, you can find mud that is brown and bold.

My Favorite Place to Be
Santiago Ayala Gomez

At the park looking up at the trees,
that is my favorite place to be.
Out on the swing flying so high,
I love to look at the bright blue sky.

Feeling the clouds touch my face,
Next, I'm ready to watch my friends race.
Climbing up the rockwall, so fast and so free,

this is as happy as I can be.

When I leave, I feel so sad.
But when I come back,
I feel so glad.
When it's dark, I see the bright lights.
The park feels right on this starry night.

The Football Field

Silas Gaters

My favorite place is the football field
You can see me in my position
I have fun playing quarter back
My team is number one in the state
I love football, it is so much fun
My team won the championship
Next year my friend Grayson is playing
I'm so happy for next year

The Nature Poem

Zeke Adam Slater

I went hunting in my hiding place, and took a glare, I saw a deer thinking It was a monster quite the scare.
But then I realized and took the shot, and my meal was nice and hot.

FOURTH GRADE

Squirrel

Ava Martin

The auburn squirrel started to think about the world
While its brain started to swirl and then it couldn't
Be the person that it thought it was going to be
Shining bright like a pearl in the shining sea
Then it was calm and found
Its personality that it thought it wanted to see
In the future like a little dog looking in the
Tree trying to find the cat that was in a movie
Like Tom and Jerry.

The Tree House

Bradley Barnett

The tree house is fun
because it is in the sun.
It's never down, it's always up
I always let in my little pups.
We go in the pool all the time
in the pool I always rhyme.
In the pool with my dogs
They float like logs.
Sometimes they swim like fish
To earn treats in a dish.
To the tree house we go to dry
Sometimes we see planes flying in the sky.
My dog's always have fun
It's always in the sun.
At a current time
I always find a dime.
I always would
save up to buy more wood.
The tree house grows
And at night there is always a crow.

The Snowy Night

Charlie Stage

I was sitting out one snowy night
And I saw a tiny bright light.
I went to see,
It disappeared in the snow.
Then I saw it, this time with a tiny bow
I was sure it was a snow owl
Then I saw a tiny towel.
The towel was holding a snow owl.
I picked it up and all I saw was snow
So, I left the snow alone for the night.

Nature Sucks

Christian Woods

Nature, nature, nature
Oh, how I hate nature!
I hate cold mornings,

They come without warnings.
And I hate spiders.
I just know they are biters.
When I see a scary critter,
You know I get bitter.
I hate bugs when they swarm.
Flying through the air like a storm.
I hate birds. They poop everywhere.
Those birds are insane without a care,
And I hate mosquitoes. They suck blood.
All my blood comes out like a flood.
When it comes to bees, I never have luck,
Nature, nature, nature sure does suck.

A Life Without Nature Cora Hill

Take a step outside,
breathe the nice air.
Come on, you know a life without nature
would just be unfair.
Experience it while you can,
treat it like you care.

You see that tan leaf?
Well, look at that pink flower.
Nature is different,
so, investigate its differences.
You'll find your peaceful self.

So, step outside
and breathe the nice air.
Then all will be fair.

A Rainy Day Demi Zambrano

Oh please, oh please, can I go play
Even though it's a rainy day?
"No, you can't go. You'll get sick.
You'll be in bed with the ick."
Oh please, oh please, I don't want to stay.
Come on, I just want to play!
"On this one rainy day, you can go play."

Hooray! Hooray! I can go play on this rainy day!
Later that day, my mom had to say,
“Come on, come on, I’ve got your tray.”
“Quit playing now,” she had to say.
Aww man, aww man. I just want to play.
“Well, I’m sorry,” she had to say.
I stepped inside and saw the display,
The pictures of me on a rainy day!
My food was ready on my tray.
Mom’s a great cook, so usually it’s grand
This time is was cold, bitter, and bland.
Then...A-CHOO! Oh no, oh no!
I’m sick, and now I’ll have the ick!

My Little Grand Canyon Desmond Johnston

Red bluffs are high,
It feels like I can touch the sky.
When I slide down the bluff,
The rocks feel very tough.
After we climb down, we go cool off our feet,
To get out of the thick heat.
We collect purple clay,
Then we have a picnic to finish our day.

Trace Lake Easton Park

There I was walking at the Trace.
Reasoning the beauty with all the blossoms.
Always a gasp of light shining through the pines.
Could it get any more beautiful, I would question.
Everything beauty, all the nature.

Loving families of birds chirping above.
All the feelings of being small in the wilderness.
Kind squirrels in the swaying trees.
Everyone gathers around the Trace.

Now, I sit quiet in the treetops.
At the trails, leaves on the ground.
Turn one way, and there’s a squirrel
Utterly

Reuniting with family.
End.

Nature Long Ago

Ed Testerman

In nature 65 million years ago.
Cavemen could kill a dinosaur with a bow.
Dinosaurs roamed the earth.
There became more after they started to give birth.
They were interesting creatures.
With very cool features.
I like the T-Rex.
Because of their weight they could not run.
But they are extinct and that's a bum.

A Magical Place

Ella Tutor

I love this place.
I love it a ton.
It's peaceful and cool.
It's so much fun!

I like sitting in the sun,
and smelling the salty air.
With the flow of ease,
and a slight breeze blowing my hair.

I like looking at it all,
while feeling so small.
It's amazing and wonderful.
You'll have a ball!

I love watching the waves hit the shore.
I couldn't love this place any more.

I love seashells,
because they're all different in their own ways.
They all hit the waves,
and are shaped into what they are today.

I like hearing the seagulls sing.
Those little chirps,

mean everything to me.

I love this place.
It's magical and great,
and I would not change
a single thing.

Waterfall

Evelyn Gray

Water
All
Trickling down the
Enormous
River
Falling
And
Lowering
Like an elevator

The Tornado

Fisher Hannabass

The trees crashed together
And then we saw the storm lightning hitting the ground.
Then out of nowhere the lightning hit a tree and it got caught on fire.
The rain put the fire out fast but the tree fell over.
On the ground the tree made a kaboom when it hit the ground
And then we heard that there was a tornado warning in our area.
And before we knew it the tornado was only 1,200 feet away.
It was knocking trees left and right.

The Missing Tree

Gibson Hinton

The day I was born
There you were,
Excitingly fun,
Making sure
I wasn't bored.

Surrounded by your guards,

Still I would climb,
Itching the bite,
Now crying,
“Hold still!” my mom would say
While grabbing the ointment.

Then I felt better,
Running to you,
Excited to climb,
Everyone wondering
When I would let go.

Island Vacation

Hannah Presson

Oh my! So pretty!
Why is it such a pity?
I am walking, but also
I am sweating.

As we were walking by,
I spotted a beautiful iguana!
Wow, what a sight!
It was very scaly,
Very green, too

It is a very professional camouflager,
As it blends in
With this beautiful,
Very tropical island!

Go on! Keep walking!
There is limited time.
Well, the fun is over.
It is time to go back.
But we could still have fun,
as we shall board the ship!

The Wonderful Things of Nature

Jace Crutchfield

The air is misting
Birds are chirping
Leaves crunch

Squirrels munch

Sounds all around
Leaves up and down
Wind howling

Nature, Likes and Dislikes

Jaden Thomas

I like watching birds fly across the sky.
I enjoy seeing dogs run through tall grass.
I like looking at insects on leaves and trees.
I feel calm when I stand near big, quiet trees.

I do not like thorns, mosquito bites, or loud storms.
I do not like getting muddy or soaked by cold rain.
Even though some parts of nature can be scary or uncomfortable,
It is still the most important and beautiful part of our world.
Nature is the reason life exists, and it is our job to protect it.

Nature's Seasons

Ja'Kyla Pittman

Many seasons greet us throughout the year.
Each one with attributes that stand out loud and clear.
Autumn, winter, spring, and summer.
Showing up without even the slightest blunder.

When the leaves start falling,
We know autumn is calling.
The leaves start changing, scattering far and near.
It's that time of year!

When things start to cool down,
That means winter is in town.
Snowmen, sweaters, hot chocolate, and traditions we hold so dear!
This season is the coldest of the year.

Next up is spring,
The weather is refreshing.
Rain showers, flowers, bees and bright sunshine,
All of it, gone in a fling.

Before you know it, here comes summer.

No school, swimming, and so much fun,
What's better than playing in the sun?
Go to the beach and get a tan,
Or bury your worries in the sand.

Have no fear,
They're coming back in a flash.
With each trip around the sun,
The seasons, we get to rehash.

The Birds in the Sky

Juneaux Byrd

The birds in the sky
Lighting up like a firefly.
Passing by in the moonlight fade
Going away in the same way.
Farther than we can ever see
Feeling farther than me.
The things I've ever seen
The dancing glow in the moon flow.
Seen things I've ever known
Higher than I've flown
They've been in bond.
Birds thawing on my lawn
So shall they pass.

Passing Time

Kenly Pigott

The sun is shining, the kids are playing.
The parents are planting and cleaning.
Everybody is laughing and playing.
Some people were observing nature.

As the plants grow spring passes.
Everyone is harvesting and playing.
Winter creeps in, nature is covered in snow.
In seconds winter passed, everyone was at school.

As the year flew by, the kids grew.
All the creatures ran and ate.
As the night creeps in everyone is in bed.
And everyone awakes and a new day starts.

At the Edge of the Sea

Laikynn Hampton

In the morning I smell salt and blue,
The birds fly by in pairs of two.
The water rises and flows away,
It continues throughout the day.
At noon the sun shines bright,
Not just me but my skin enjoys the light.
My feet are bare with sand between my toes,
I'm enjoying myself,
Even the smells in my nose.
As the sun begins to go down, I may shed a tear.
I realize that the time to leave is near.
The winds blow, the waves rise.
I have enjoyed my day watching the tide.
I won't say goodbye but see you next time.
I'll see you again and again,
The pleasure will be all mine!

Autumn Has Arrived

Ledger Smith

Autumn has finally arrived
Pecans are being turned into pies
Halloween is already done
November has yet to come

Christmas cheer is very near
Children across the globe are smiling ear to ear
Animals are stocking supplies
For when all the snow is going to arise

The leaves have turned golden
Brown, red, orange, and yellow
Bitter sweet fruit attracting flies
People making pumpkin pies

It's getting colder
Days are getting shorter
Tornado season is here
Strong winds are getting near

Veterans day has just past
The year is getting faster and faster

Until it's a new year
Thanksgiving is getting closer, do you hear?

A Place I Love

Mallie Smith

There are so many trees
upon me flowers bloom
in the spring insects gather
while birds sing.

There are so many trees
upon me with a meadow of
grass so, so green. I wonder
what I will find in the
creek?

Fish are in groups of one,
two, three still there are many
many trees upon me then
I see some birds flying
up high patiently waiting
for the sun to rise.

Feelings of Fall

Maylegh Emfinger

The leaves falling in the night,
While the children are sleeping neat and tight.
The toasty fire going in the cold night,
Animals are asleep out of sight,
Then in the morning the children awake only to find a cold fall day.
The leaves are settled and the trees sway,
The children watch the rabbits hop,
The Lord paints fall with every drop.

Fall is to Come

Miriam Ruiz

Fall is to come,
Leaves changing to the warmest of colors,
Animals coming out to prepare for the winter.

Decorations changing from eerie ghosts to cafe colors.

Fall is to come,
Kids are playing in the leaves joyfully,
And the birds that are singing are so lovely!
The Thanksgiving food that will be prepared will be so yummy!
Fall is to come.

Hunting

Pacyn Breeland

Hiding in the tree tops, I sit and watch patiently.
Underneath the open sky
Nearby, I spot my game.
The pursuit of that precious, velvet trophy,
It gives me such a rush.
Never fire too early, try to
Go for it when the time is right. You do not want to push.

My Amazing Adventure at Disney

Rilynn Dixon

I like walking down the streets,
To look for characters at the meet and greets.
The Mickey ears, shirts, hats and smiles,
Balloons, popcorn, and walking many miles.
The roller coasters and carousel zooms quickly by,
As the fireworks pop up in the night sky.
I tried chicken dumplings in Epcot, and it was a good pick,
Then I ate a chocolate covered marshmallow on a stick.
The beautiful, big castle puts a smile on my face,
Disney World is the most magical place!

The Land and Sea

Ruby Kathryn Paul

Over the land under the sea
Beautiful things grow with you and me
Flowers growing petals of every single color
Coral reefs holding homes of wondrous creatures

Over the land under the sea

Beautiful things grow with you and me
Deer running wild and free across large plains
Dolphins swim through the endless sea whistling their tunes endlessly

As you can see very many things grow with you and me

Fallen Leaves

Serenitye Albertson

Leaves have fallen all year round,
Especially now since the crisp, fall
Air is abundant.
Varieties of colors: red, yellow, orange, brown.
Each of them lie
Scattered all over the ground.

The Park

Vanessa Hernandez Quintana

The red, brown, and yellow glistening in the sun.
Trees swaying their arms around
Wind blowing on the Earth, having a conversation with the ground.

Benches creaking, pages turning
Just me, relaxing with the breeze
Birds singing, bees buzzing, children chattering in the background
The peaceful, soothing sound of the leaves falling
Day turns to noon, the sun starts falling from the sky

The moon starts to pop out of the landscape
Stars start shimmering in the moonlight
Time to hop in the car and head out
Time to go home and rest
For another day is soon to come.

FIFTH GRADE

The Sky in Alabama

Aaden Brown

You may be thinking what the sunrise looks like in Alabama.

You can probably go in the Spring time or the Summer time,
The colors of the sky are hair orange and hair yellow.

It's a beautiful Alabama sunset.
If you like you can probably get an airbnb or a hotel.

The biggest one it's tall and cool.

You can see how beautiful the sky is in Alabama.
So bright and bold.

Autumn Breeze

Aaliyah Womack

My fingers rustling through the leaves
All I can feel is the beautiful autumn breeze
Autumn gives out the best breeze as I'm walking down the street
All I need is that special autumn breeze
The best feeling autumn gives you the best breeze
It gives you a special feeling you will never ever feel
And that is why autumn gives off the best autumn breeze.

Sweet Autumn Breeze

Aireyona Tatum

During the autumn breeze you see the leaves
Falling from the trees
They are very fun colors
Don't you see?
Just take a look
Just a little peek
Or just look at them flow
In the sweet autumn breeze
The sweet, sweet autumn breeze.

My Summer Day

Aubrei-Elle Abraham

When I was in my backyard
I saw the best thing of all,
Can you guess what it was?
It was a huge, colorful ball.

I wanted to play with it
But it was my brother's,
Then I made up my mind
I went to go ask my mother.

She said yes
And I was so happy,
And my grandparents were there
So I played catch with my grandpappy.

It was a hot day
But it was fun in the sun,
Then my mom came out
And she had water guns.

She gave me one
She gave my brother one,
I soaked my brother
My mom said I had won!

Then we got in our blow-up pool
The water was cold and cool,
When my brother did a stunt
The stunt was really cool.

When it was time to go to sleep
The next day we had school,
Before I went to bed I said to myself
"My day was really cool."

The Treehouse

Aubrey Chalmers

Green turf over a muddy floor
Crickets, worms, and caterpillars galore
Getting lost in the sky
Laying flat on the ground
Making shapes out of clouds

Enjoying nature's sound
Monkey bars to my left
Swings to my right
Needing wind in my hair
Gaining such heights
My body is heavy on the ground
But in the air I'm light
All I have left to do
Is stargaze all night
The next day is just the same
With more summer magic along the way

The Hope of the Vine

Aubrey White

I see a plant that used to shine
It was on a beautiful vine
But one day a bug ate its leaf
And it caused it to droop oh the grief
I held my hands tight and prayed for light
And when I woke up the next morning it was a wonderful sight

My Beautiful Tree

Ava Stegall

My beautiful tree oh, what Christmas tree.
Oh, it fills me with such glee.
At Smith's Christmas Tree Farm.
All the trees have such charm.
Oh, all the trees shine such light upon me.
But Mother says let them be.
My beautiful tree Oh, what beautiful Christmas tree.
It fills me with such glee.
The sweet silvereye sat on my tree.
Oh, it gives me such glee.

The Beach

Birdie Mae Kisor

I hear the waves crashing in.
I feel the sand on my skin.
I collect some wonderful shells

And place them in my little pail.
Then I run for the water and jump right in.

Adventurous of Camping

Camden Mutone

Do you like outside nature?
Nature is a beautiful place.
It puts a smile on my face.

It has flowers.
Some of the flowers look like towers.
Lots of pretty animals;
Most of them are mammals.

I like to go camping by the lake.
Sometimes I like to bring cake.

Have you ever been tubing?
A float tied behind the boat.
Take note: You better stay afloat!

Have you ever caught a fish?
Or is that just your wish?
We can grab a fishing pole.
We will be on a roll.
We may even need a bowl;
Or we can go look for a mole.

You can ride your bike
Around the camp site.
You can also fly a kite;
Which may go out of sight.
Do you think that I am right?

Have you ever seen a tree;
That's bigger than me?
Some are so tall and hard to see.
Some have beautiful bumble bees; Looking at me.
Makes me wanna sit down; and have a cup of tea.
Camping sure is the place to be.

Nature's Splendor

Colton George

The brilliance of nature
Beholds many wonderful things
A great blue sky of fluffy white clouds
A flowing river, quiet and serene.

Rows of grand green trees,
A field of rainbow-colored flowers,
All swaying in the breeze.
I could stay there in awe for hours.

Birds flutter from their nest.
Bees buzz all around.
Butterflies wander freely without rest,
While the wind howls a lovely sound.

I love Mother Nature and everything she brings,
From chirping crickets and buzzing bees,
To hear a song the beautiful bird sings.
The splendor of nature puts my mind at ease.

Ocean's Embrace

Emily Moncada

The ocean, liquid sapphire deep,
a giant lost in timeless sleep.
Its surface mirrors sky on high
where drifting clouds and seabirds fly.
The waves crash loud upon the shore,
a lion's roar forevermore.
Each grain of sand, a golden gleam,
is warmed beneath the sun's soft beam.
Oh ocean, ocean—rhythms call,
a symphony that stirs us all.
Your hidden heart holds secrets rare,
a world of wonder waiting there.
Beneath your depths, a realm untold
where coral castles glow like gold.
Fish flash like jewels in bright display,
dancing where sunlight fades away.

Different
Emma Hailey

Outside can be many things
For some people it can be a great place
In the winter they wake up in their warm beds
Look outside and they see layers of snow and more falling down
They grab their layered jacket and gloves
Run outside, play, and play, run and run
Their families right next to them playing along
In the summer they spray sunscreen
Run outside, play tag, and swim
Sit in the patio chairs and drink lemonade
Whenever it gets too hot, they go inside
But for others it is a cruel and unwelcoming place
In the winter they wake up outside with no home
Cars passing by, nothing to keep them warm
Nothing to eat, freezing in the one pair of clothes they have
Shorts and a T-Shirtaaaaaaaaz
The snow pierces their skin
As they sit, their fingers turning purple and lips turning blue
No hats, no gloves, nothing to do
And whenever it gets late, they lay in the snow
Trying their best to fall asleep
In the summer, their skin burns
They need water, out there is none
Try to have fun, but it's hard
No home to go into, no place to call their own
People passing by them, in their cars
When they go to sleep, they are hungry
So, I say we should be grateful for what we have
And never take it for granted
Like the privilege to have fun outside

The Rain That I Love

Gurfateh Walia

I felt the tiny drops falling on my hands,
like the wind zooming across the land.
I stood out my porch and watched the rain fall with joy,
and saw a little kid playing with his toy.

I saw the clouds filled up the sky,
and felt the wind that rushed low and high.
Then the thunder stroke beneath the clouds,
Big and huge with its enormous sound.

I saw a frog avoiding the puddle,
going down the street to reach its huddle.
As the rain began to zoom through the sky,
I saw some people holding an umbrella to keep them dry.

I saw a bird resting in its nest on a tree,
and some people watching the rain fall while drinking their tea.
I saw my friends wearing the raincoats to keep them dry,
but the rain is no longer falling from the sky.

The Path at Grandma's Old House

Jayden Evans

We look at all the tall trees,
While we listen to the soft breeze.
The leaves rustle in the wind,
As my brother and I play like old friends.

Play comes easy for me and my brother.
We use the bushes for our hiding cover.
We weave in and out of the trees.
While chasing each other happily and freely.

The butterflies flutter by
The sun shines brightly and warm.
As the clouds float in the sky
We can feel the nearing storm.

Time to go.
The wind blows and the rain begins to fall
Time to go.
Over the wind we can hear mom call
Time to go.
This is our last trip down the path after all.

Watching Nature Go By

Jimmel James

Sitting among the trees
As I watch the dancing bees,
While I watch the flowers
And take in the smell, take in
inspirations to show and tell,

I see the birds fly by I stop for a moment

and Say, “hi- Then, I see bison walk by
So tall and mighty,
Suddenly, I feel so small; yet amazed
This is a moment I will remember for all my days

Watching the sky and running
Through the tall grass, seeing nature
As clear as panes of glass, I love
The warm soft breeze, I love to climb
The tallest trees,

I love the way the soft grass feels
On my feet, at night it’s cold in
the day it’s heat, writing down
what I see, so hyped jumping
like an itching flea,

As it starts to turn night, I lose
all the animals out of my sight,
As I watch time go bye, watching
The sunset in the reddish orange
sky,

Now the sun has fallen, but I
Can still see bees collecting
Pollen, walking back to the
Car making nature my friend
Now this poem must end

Green Trees and the Creek
Joslyn Dior Brown

We love to visit the creek. It does not matter what season it is.

The water is clear that runs down the creek. The green trees stand tall.

Green trees, sticks, and rocks we collect at the creek.

We see the fishes swim by as the sun shines from the sky.

We also see the frogs jumping by and the butterflies flying by.

We see all the beautiful things that are a part of nature that we all love.

We love to visit the creek to see all of its beautiful nature.

We lay on the green grass at the creek and fell asleep.

We love to go to the creek.

It is our special place where friends meet.

Where Nature Finds Me

Journi Nash

Morning light slips through the trees
Warm as summer on my knees.
I breathe it in, soft and slow
Feeling calm from head to toe.

The smell of flowers fills the air
Sweet like secrets everywhere.
Raindrops sparkle on the ground
Tiny diamonds all around.

I hear the creek's relaxing sound
Like whispered words that wrap around.
It tells me stories as it flows
About the places no one knows.

Nature listens when I speak,
Even when my voice feels weak.
It reminds me that I belong
In its quiet gentle song.

And that's why I like the calm
And kind feeling of
Nature.

Nature's Painting

Kacen Barber

Down the creek where waters entwine
Made by the people who turned water to wine,
The forest breathes a symphony of green,
Yet it strangles sunlight and its bright screen.
The river whispers the stones,
Whilst carving paths through bristles and bones.
A dirty picture made with a clean brush,
With trees shaded and colors of plush.

But when thorns arise and insects gush,
Spiders catch flies, Bobcats catch hare,
It truly is a predicament to be there,
Hear nature's song
Where things go wrong,
And where things go right,
It truly is a strange sight.

The Bird with Colors

Kayden Little

There is this bird that sat on the tree,
 And it had colors that inspired me.
I go inside a get a brush,
 Since it was old I had some dust.
I wipe it off,
 Then look outside and there it is.
The bird with colors.

It stays and it stands still with its ordinary bill.
 I brush and stroke,
Looking at the bird with its awesome looks.
 It flies away and comes back,
 With a couple of worms in a stack.

I wondered why it looked like that,
 Always looking so great like a new baseball bat.

 And then the bird comes back,
 And beside me is my cat.
My cat leaps and tries to eat it,
 But I say NO! And my cat goes back.

 I finish painting,
 And then I just started waiting.
Wondering about the colorful bird.

Bees--

Kylen Mayers

They help us by making honey. We use honey for a lot of
things Because we help them too.
When the hive is in danger,
The bees are protecting the queen bee.

Whispers of the Woods

Marilyn Audrey Clark

In a forest soft and deep,
Where all the trees are half-asleep,
The crisp of the air,
Makes life seem quite un-fair,
Tiny lights gleam,
Like fairies dancing on a beam,
Nothing loud disturbs the day,
Whispers float in leafy gray,
If you stand and listen too,
The forest magic could just find you
So if you walk there, don't forget,
That it's the quietest place you've met.

Build

Mateo Marquez

I like to build like my dad
Whenever I can't I get really sad
When I build I lock in
My dad works hard, and I want to be like him
My dad has been teaching me construction since I was 6 or 7 years old
I work so hard I never fold
I carry materials with my strong muscles
Sometimes when I need a break, I drink a Gatorade and eat some Ruffles
At the end of the day I get paid and go home
Then I realize without construction I am all alone

Winter is for Us

McKinley Reed

The winter breeze passes the two of us
For the love of the season, we can't discuss
Laughter gets thrown around to all young children,
Throwing snowballs while some of us are making a snowman vision.

Winter is for us,
While cars on the road cause a beeping fuss.
We all listen to the lively music of bands performing under the cold sun.
Heading to The Jackson's Children Museum's Christmas event
An event that brings a childish promise
Winter is for us

Winter can be a joy
We may wear jackets made from cotton or corduroy.
Winter looks like a white feather,
Despite the unfortunate weather
We turn into lovebirds who stay skating on ice or drinking hot chocolate,
Knowing it we all would stay more than a minute.
Winter keeps us together for the gentle weather.
Generations and Generations will experience this cozy time
From sunrise to nighttime.

Even though winter rebirths into Spring
We all remember the warmth Winter brings.
The cozy time of unwrapping my presents,
Creating a vibe that isn't unpleasant,
The cool walks and talks
Bringing our heart a comforting pearlescent.
Winter is about what we represent.
Warmth, love, coziness, and content.
We must acknowledge what season makes us trust.
That gives us amity and love.
Remember, Winter is for Us.

Beautiful Spring and Why I Love It!

Noah Congious

Spring is a beautiful thing.
Looking around might have you dance and sing.
Stepping outside would help you relax.
Might make your parents forget about tax!

Watching the flowers bloom.
Looking at night would make you want to dance under the moon.
You might just see a few bees.
The beautiful flowers will make you jump in glee!

This is the time to go and play.
Do it while it's still a beautiful day.
My favorite part of Spring is a sunflower.
Tall and beautiful, it's like it shows power!

Nature

Noah Higdon

Green leaves dancing in the sunny sky,
Little bees buzzing, flying by.
Rivers giggle as they splash and twirl,
And trees bend gently as breezes swirl.

Bunnies hop through fields so wide,
Ladybugs crawl and butterflies glide.
Mountains wear clouds like fluffy hats,
And flowers wave to the birds and cats.

Sunrise paints the morning gold,
Every new day a big story is told.
Stars twinkle softly when the night comes near,
Whispering secrets that children love to hear.

Nature is magic, bright and true,
Everywhere there's something fun to do!
So let's explore, laugh, and play,
With the world of wonders around us each day.

Nature is Sweet, Sweet Like Honey!

Paris McBride

Across the grass is the hop of a bunny.
Nature is sweet, sweet like honey.
The flowers grew, and grew anew.
From the blue droplets, down they flew.

The light ball came, bright and sunny.
Nature is sweet, sweet like honey.
The ball flew down, or so it seemed!
Afterwards came the moon, and oh how it gleamed!

The moon and the stars, the moon looks gunny.
Nature is sweet, sweet like honey.
We stand on a cliff, looking at a star.
They seem so close, and yet, so far!

Now it's midnight! Glad you made it with me!
Nature is sweet, sweet like honey.
And now, you should probably go to bed.
The cycle has restarted, so rest your head!

Whispers of the Wild

Piper Chemin

Beneath the hush of twilight skies,
Where shadows stretch and songbirds rise,
The forest hums a lullaby—
A breath, a breeze, a rustling sigh.

The birch trees wear their silver lace,
Their arms outstretch quiet grace,
And moss, like velvet, climbs the stone,
A throne where the foxes sit alone.

A brook spills secrets down the glade,
Its water clear, its a murmur jade,
It dances over roots and rock,
And calls the deer to pause and walk.

The scent of pine is sharp and deep
As stars through woven branches peep;
A firefly blinks its amber light
To guide the moths through folds of night.

The crickets bow with leg and wing,
Their courses soft as violins sing,
With moonlight melting on their hide.

O nature wrapped in dusk and dew,
You speak in tones both old and true—
A world untouched by time or chain,
Alive with wind, and stars, and rain.

My Love for Leaves

Richard Buckley

I like leaves, just in a different way than before.
Their soft velvet top is smooth and cool to my hands.
I especially like it when leaves are sharp and rough with holes.
Sometimes they are crunchy and fall apart in my fingers.
I can rip off little pieces to create triangular shapes.
In the past, I would pick up colorful leaves off the ground and blow them
As if I was the wind.
Now, I can't hear them as easily because they are soft under my feet,
So I'm not sure when they are around.
When I'm sitting outside on the ground, I feel around until my fingers come across them.
I feel their familiar pointy ends and hold them close to hear them

Crunch between my fingers once again.
Nowadays, I experience the leaves different than before.
The cancer took away the colors of fall,
And the chemo took away the volume of their crunch.
But nothing can take away my love for leaves.

Flowers vs People

Riley Jane Seal

They could be blue or they could be purple
They could be short or they could be tall
They could be strong or they could be weak
They can look happy or they can look sad
They're all different in their own way
You could be white or you could be black
You could be short or you could be tall
You could be strong or you could be weak
You can be happy or you could be sad
You're all different too!

No matter what, everything is different even if it's a
flower or a human.

National Parks

Ruby-Lin Vineyard

Nature is fun to look at.
Always have fun at national parks
The water is cold.
I did not like the sandwiches after the hike.
One of my favorite vacations is
National parks.
Arches are so high
Looking at the deer at Zion was amazing.

Playing with my brothers out in nature
Always tired after hiking
Rocks in the water make a splash
Keep cool stickers as my park souvenirs
Seeing a big horn sheep at Zion was unforgettable.

How Much I Love Nature

Sasha Graham

In a field full of flowers,
while a single dove sings,
with a view of snowy mountains,
I can finally breathe.
All my worries and doubts come to ease,
as the grass caresses my skin,
and the grass touches my feet.
At last, time just for me,
when I sit in this spot,
I can finally breathe.
“What is nature you ask?”
Nature is more than just a place to me.
The way nature feels to me,
is the most calming place to be.
The way it moves tree to tree,
I can finally be at peace.

Swimming

Sophia Abercrombie-Stapleford

I like swimming with my friend.
Swimming in the pool makes me happy,
Is my favorite thing to do.
When my mom and daddy take my swimming, I will jump in the pool so fast.
I love swimming.
When my friend come to the pool we will play and have fun.
I want to go swimming again next time.
It will be a lot of fun
When y'all are with your friends.

Nature's Mysterious Waterfalls

Tyler Standfield

Inside my house I was playing with my family, when a thought crossed my mind about a jacuzzi.
Went I went to the forest I saw a waterfall; with my eyes I could see it all!
It was nice and hot just like I wanted it! Right then and there I heard a big "ribbit"!
I turned my head to see a frog; right there sitting on a log!
He jumped away as soon as I looked at him, why he almost broke a limb!
In the waterfall there was a reflection, reflecting a mysterious direction.
The direction led to something shiny; in the distance it was extremely blurry.
As I got closer it was a crystal, in the shape of an icicle!
I brought it back with me to the waterfall, where I saw a crack in the wall!
It was the perfect place to put the crystal in, and as I was doing so the breeze hit me like a cool fan.
Once I put it in the ground it started shaking; the wall was coming apart and breaking!
When the wall opened up, there appeared a mask. When I put it on, I felt ready for the next task and powerful!
I ran fast, hit hard, and flew to the North Pole.
After that I went back home and saved the city and settled down for the evening with a Christmas cookie.

Bees are Good

Wyatt Malley

Today my poem is about bees
They make their hives on the side of trees.
They make honey which is really sweet
Honey cures sicknesses, that's really neat!
They only attack if you hurt them
So don't swat or they'll hurt you again.
Bees lay 2000 eggs a day
That's not something you just say!
That is my poem all about bees
Now go outside, there's a nice breeze.

Beautiful Nature

Zoey Smith

Green leaves fall to the ground.
Pink lizards crawl around.
Ladybugs fly in the wind.
Cubs play with their kin.
The fish are happy and gay.
Viewing nature is happiness in my way.
The river feels like it'll never end.
That's the beauty of nature, my friend.

SIXTH GRADE

My Little Hideaway

Alice Russell

Creeks, rivers, and streams
The water gleams
With joy today
My little hideaway

Under that tree
So wonderful to me
So warm and bright I lay
My little hideaway

In the grass I sit
How nicely I fit
With my family I play
My little hideaway

Hunting

Anderson Walker

Hunting is peaceful.
Hunting is dark.
It is suspenseful.
Squirrels are loud.
Deer are silent.
Coyotes are scary.
The wind is cold.

The Game

Antonio Pratt

The sky is blue as the leaves are falling
People are running, but some are jogging
As I have laughter and joy, some
Just play to win, they wouldn't want more
After the game we congratulate each other
Told each other the game was no other.

For Me and You

Ayden Johnson

With a breeze so cool
And sands so true
The beach is a place
For both me, and you

With the waves crashing down
Seagulls,
And wind,
Are the only sounds

With colors of orange,
Sun setting in the sky
We'll watch as the sun
Waves goodbye.

As the waves go calm,
So does the palms
Then the moon starts to glow
While the stars put on a show

The sea turtles rest
As the birds do too
The peace you find in nature,
Is best for me and you

The beach so cozy
It'll make you dozy
Nature's blanket will spread
Inviting all to bed

With waves,
And a breeze,
I have one thing to say:
With nature, you'll never want to leave

The Caverns

Brailyn Woods

I went in the caverns,
The stalactites, Stalagmites, helictites, and flowstones have cool patterns.
The caverns were a good place to be,
Once they turn off the lights, you can't see.
When you get in there it is very cold,

For me to have the guts to go in, I had to be bold.
The stalagmites looked very cold,
When they were at the bottom of the pool.
Missouri is where I was at,
When I was there, I never saw a bat.

Pretty Hibiscus

Brittini Hubbard

Pretty Hibiscus grow so bright
Pretty Hibiscus shining like night

I love you in nature and I love when
you represent beauty and love

You're like a diamond in the sky
Because you shine so bright

I love you in your rarest form
that means even if you are blue

I still will love you.

The Stream

Brooklyn Barnett

I am a stream
a body of water
Kids visit me
now I watch them grow taller.
In the sparkling night
I tend to glow
If you look at me closely,
I tend to have a flow.
The moon is out
now the animals arise
Now they have families
To my surprise.
The sun is up,
everyone is awake
Now I see extinct animals
that are at stake.
Every day in the crisp air
I just lay there and stare

I lay there and say to myself
What a wonderful world.
Another day has come,
and the sky is clear
Now it's night again
and I wait for the sun.
Even though it looks gloomy
I still say a ton
What a wonderful world.

A Hiking Trail

Ellie Patterson

I close my eyes
Then blink awake,
In the car
I sit and wait,
Open the door to
A whole new world,
Willows blooming
And the sun shining,
Following the trail
Nature's beauty never failed,
Slip in a stream
Then have a treat,
Climb a canyon
Full of sand,
Time to go home
Maybe I'll get another chance.

The Way the World Is Meant to Be

Fisher Sharp

The morning sun on hillsides glow
The river hums and the soft wind blow
A robin calls through the branches high
Its echo fading with the sky

The grasses sway the shadows lean
The world is quiet still and green
No rush, no noise just earth's own tone
A peace that hums beneath the stone

Here life is simple wild and free
The way the world is meant to be

One Cast Away
Gabriel Peden

My favorite place is a pond that's clear
Bouncing with life and joy so near

You hear the birds chirp in the sky
Right above you as they fly

You cast your line into the water
Because in the past you learned from your father

One cast away you'll catch some fish
All the while the more you wish

My favorite place is ponds that are clear
With all the life and joy so near

A Lone Wolf in the Night
Isabella McGee

A lone wolf
Staring at the moon
One lone howl
In a state of constant gloom

Paws step through the forest
Wondering where one belongs
Alone in the dark
But never felt loneliness in the heart

Was never included
Always excluded
Whispers in the mind
Saying it's gonna be alright

Hunting alone
Purpose and might
One sole survivor
Stuck in eternal night

The Morning Catch

Jensen Moran

Beneath the sky is so wide and blue.
I wake up to the morning dew.
I arrived at the clear blue watering hold.
I can't wait to cast my pole.
Before you know it, something took the bait.
I feel a shot of adrenaline like a second awake.
I catch many more until the sun closes the door.
The crickets chirp like never before.
I arrive at my humble abode after a great day, and I rest my head.
I know tomorrow and I can't wait to explore.

Perfect Place

Korbyn Pickering

Walking in the woods without a sound,
A cricket chirped all around.
In the forest all alone—
Just a dog, you, and your thoughts roaming.

Find a calm place to look around,
Then you hear a different sound.
It's not so calm like the rest of the sounds,
But still, you have your dog.

You think to yourself, *It's just the wind.*
You are wrong once again.
You keep dreaming it's just the wind;
You can't grasp reality.

It's just not there—you want to go home.
Your dog makes a sound, almost a whimper.
You make a move, so swift, so smooth, in your mind.
You keep going and don't stop until you see the light.

Your dog growls at something in the distance.
There's no time to waste—run!
If you stop now, there is no tomorrow for you.

All of a sudden, you wake up.
You know that was not a dream;
It was the future of time cycling over and over again.

Snowfall on the Diamond

Laughlin Berry

Snow drapes the infield in a silent hush,
Softening base paths with a powdery brush.
The pitcher's mound stands cold and bare,
Waiting for footsteps that aren't yet there.

Bleachers glitter with a frosty sheen,
Guarding memories of summers green.
Though winter rules the field for now,
Spring will return—and the game will bow.

Outside

Leah Bowen

I'm outside
With the lake by my side
The wind is rushing
The grass is touching
Closing my eyes
The sun so bright
The leaves are falling
And autumn is calling
The water is still and clear
And the birds are always here
Chirping away
I want to stay all day
The sky is changing
My thoughts are roaming
Walking home
The sun is gone

October Poem

Noah White

I wish for this sad gray day to go away.
Until one day it was a sunny day.
Flowers blooming and grass growing.
It made me wonder where I was going.
Playing in the grass it was very fast.
I wonder how much time has passed.

I'm really, really sad that it's all over.
Please, please come back next October.

Nature VS Me
oniyah mckinnis

I walk outside and sit on the porch.
Staring at the sweet red mulch.
The bugs are biting.
But I don't care, I'm still fighting.
Today I'm not ok.
I came from school from being bullied all day.
But I pretended to be happy and still played.
I tell people I'm fine.
To make them feel alright.

Cause I do feel alright, they don't hurt me.
They think because they lurk in the shadows.
That it hurts me but it doesn't.
Not at all.

So after school I sit outside and play with the dog.
The dog is like my child and likes to sit on a log.
The leaves fall on my head.
Gently I said.

The bugs are biting but I'm still fighting.
Fighting to survive in this world that's not so exciting.

My Treehouse
Ryen Pind

Up high in the leaves
Where sunlight shines
I built a house made of dreams
No boys, no rules
just me
In a place where my heart belongs

Forever Lasting Sleep
Saadiq Rhodes

The day you lose a loved one
Is the day you lose yourself.

At first you are shocked.
Then after a while the memories
Will sink in, you will cry.
You will feel a regret.
A regret of not telling them bye.
Then the day will come.
You will dress in the right attire.
You will hear others weep.
You put them in their resting place.
Time will help cope.
Then you will suddenly think of them.
You will break down.
This is a never ending cycle

More Than Blue

Sadie Blankenship

I look into the sky, as blue as can be.
But I am not blue
While I lay in the grass at least.

When the sun goes down, the day begins to fade.
The sky now holds pink and grey,
and we are more,
more than blue.

Where the Mountains Breathe

Valerie Perry

The mountains where silence sleeps,
Their shadows long, their wisdom deep
They wear the dawn like golden thread
A crown of light on every head

They whisper stories to the sky
Of ancient earth and eagles high
Of rivers carved from melting snow
Of secrets only they could know

The winds climb up their stony spine
Like travelers searching for a sign

And when the clouds drift soft and slow,
The peaks stand watchful far below

SEVENTH GRADE

The Tree of Memories

Aaron Baker

Memories of the great tree
Stands there with not a single bee
Looking almighty
leaves hanging on tightly

Full of power and nature
The memories become more grandeur
Me and my brother full of thought
As memories can never be bought

The tree we remember
The tree in our minds forever
As time passes on
The tree on my lawn

Eventually it comes to an end
When it was cut down and started to bend
Knowing it's beautiful as ever
But won't last forever

Sadness comes along
As nature sounds like a song
Before it was done
We climbed until the sunlight was gone

The memories of the great tree
No longer there with not a single bee
No longer almighty
No more leaves hanging on tightly

A Rainbow of Colors

Anne Marie Cox

Cherries, raspberries
Apples too

Nothing compares to the vibrant poppies
And the sunset in the sky that used to be blue

The leaves in the fall
Canyons with all types of shapes
Tigers in the wild
I can't, and want not to escape

The dandelions
A sudden glow from the sun
Sweet summer lemonade
Even sunflowers see our fun

The evergreens
The valleys low by the hills
A leap from a frog
The beauty gives me chills

The crowded ocean
The painted sky
A glimpse of blue
In the violets, my my

Lavenders' gracious glory
The butterflies' gentleness
The lakes in the sunset
I love the still stage of calmness

The beauty within
The rainbow of colors
Look closer and you'll see
They complement one another

The Swings

Ava Fletcher

Playgrounds are nice!
But what's the best thing to me?
Of course! The swings!
And when I swing, I feel the breeze!

I love to swing!
Back and forth!
I love nothing more
Than the swings! Of course!

But what are the other fun things?
Oh wait! That's it!
Running through the swings! Swish!
Avoiding to get hit!

And here's the best part!
Jumping off the swings!
Getting ready! 1,2,3!
Jump off! Weeee!

Swings are fun!
The only fun thing to me!
Just nothing but the swings!
Are fun to me!

I love to swing!
All the time!
I look at the sky!
With my brown eyes!

Writing about Nature

Ayla Vaughn

The sun is shining
The flowers are blooming
And the water is defining
The sand is looming

One day at the beach,
As the wind was blowing
Each bird is singing
It feels like it's springing

The sky is grey
The grass is covered with ice,
My sleigh is flinging
The spice is vicing

The air is bright
Frost is falling
It is so white
The winter is calling.

The Beach: Not as Pleasing

Brayden Fennell

Most folk enjoy trips to sandy shores
But I despise beaches at my core
Sure, the views and dusk do bring good sight
However, the tangible environment makes my choice tight
The sand, oh how much I hate the sand, I swear
It's coarse, rough, and gets everywhere
Shimmies its way everywhere like a pestilence
Infinite grains found in every crevice
Salty waves ruin my day
One drop to the eyes, and it burns like a flame
A little splash to the tongue and there goes my appetite
And the abundance of critters under the surface sometimes bite

Therefore, no; I do not see beaches with rose-tinted glasses
And I am not afraid to stray from the masses
I will keep my opinion and make it stand:
“I have drawn my line in the sand.”

Nature, why?
Carly Couvillion

Running through the woods,
Butterflies flutter to the sky.
Nature holds all these Memories—
Though it asks for nothing.
Why?

Its beauty unmatched, flowers bloom as we
Chase their attractive colors.
Nature gives with no strings attached.
It is the stem of everything,
but asks for nothing,
Why?

We look at turtles,
Hiding in the ditch as we run.
They fear us, maybe.
Yet the rest of nature’s hurls
Itself
Toward us—willing and giddy—
Asking for nothing at all.

But I think I know why.
Nature wants us to share its splendor
She’s a quiet example.
But she lets those kind enough to see
Witness her beauty—
Every crack and crevice.
She gives, if you are willing
To share her

Good Hook
Caylee Barron

I love fishing
But putting the bait on the hook scares me a little
The dirty wiggley worms

Make it easy to catch fish
When i go fishing it usually sunny
So i have to put sunscreen on
But the bugs start biting
So i also put on bug spray
While i wait in the warm sun
For a fish to bite
When a fish finally bites
Which takes time
I get my dad to reel it in
And put it in the cooler
Cause i dont like
Touching slimy fish
When i go fishing
I like looking at the
Dark green trees
And the beautiful purple
Flowers by the pond
While the pond sometimes
I get annoyed
By all the noises
Coming from the
Frogs and other
Animals
Fishing is relaxing
Once you
Get the hang of it

Autumn

Clayton Burgess

The different color leaves
In the autumn breeze
Makes me feel
Like I'm in a movie scene.
It makes me
Not want to leave.

The beautiful scenery
In the beautiful sun
Makes me feel weirdly—
Like it's not worldly.
The tree makes me feel worthy.

As I stand
And I fan,

I think about the time
The pretty leaves fall out the sky.

Looking at the sky
A tear falling from my eye,
Due to the pretty leaves
And the pretty dye.

The Quiet Heart of the World

Edwar Orocio-Mendoza

Deep in the world there is a quiet place
where life breathes gently
a place that feels like home
even if we've never been there,
a soft garden of trees and light,
where small creatures wander without fear,
and the earth speaks in a language
our hearts remember.
There, peace doesn't shout; it whispers.
It rests in the slow sway of leaves,
in water that travels like a memory,
in a silence that holds you
the way a parent holds a child.
And, in that silence, you can feel
how old the world is, how it has loved us
long before we learned to love it back.
But we forget. We break what shelters us,
burn what warms us, wound the hands
that have always held us.
And the echo that returns is not anger.
It is sadness, a trembling voice
saying, "I am still here.
Come back. You still belong."
Because nature, like a mother,
does not abandon us. She waits
patient, hurting, but hoping we will remember
that we are her children,
and her home is ours too.

Nature

Janiah Lockett

I went outside in the hot sun
Sitting down while the students run.

I see the ladybugs flying around
While listening to the band hall sound.
Feeling the cool breeze blow
And watch the clouds go.

Seeing players play on the field
The squeaking of the shoes heel.
Leaves falling off the tree.
Then end up seeing a bee.
I relax by writing in a notebook
My breath away it took.

The sun gleaming bright
While thirsting for a Sprite.
Rivers weave their stories left and right
Nature holds its wonders, infinite and tight.
Quiet lakes reflect the stars at night
Petals open slowly to greet the light.

The sunrise paints the sky with gentle light.
Birds soar above the fields in perfect flight.
A quiet path invites the heart to write.
Blossoms open early, full of quiet spite.
Clouds drift slowly, peacefully in their height.
Stars awaken, sparkling pure and white.

Tall pines stand steady come what may.
Waves roll calmly in a soft ballet.
Shadows lengthen as the skies turn clay.
Fireflies twinkle in a glowing way.
Dewdrops sparkle as they fadeaway.
The hillside glows in colors bright.

Milky Way Meets the Waves

Jeffrey Perez Suarez

Lights shine in the night
glowing bright high up
to help warn ocean vessels
under the stars
as they head for their docks.
Stay away, the beacons say,
or end up on the rocks!

Nature's Canvas

Kairis Holliman

Hibiscus flowers, a splash of red
Ladybug crawl, a tiny thread.
Oak trees stand tall, reaching for the sky,
A bird chirping a tune as it flies.
Dark brown, light brown, spotted yellow too.
A forest forms with ponds in view.
Camp sites are a place for a happy exploring,
Getting rained out is quite boring.
Sunsets grow with colors so deep,
Smell of flowers, promise to keep.
Seasons change, each one a new art.
Nature's beauty, a work of art.

Remembering Nature

Kassidy Parker

Leaves dancin'
,
Leaves fallin'
.
Flowers swayin'
,
Birds singin'
.
Sun rays beamin' down—
Glowin' up my face.
Wind blowin'

—
My hair, flyin'

.
Peaceful,
Free,
Wild.
Beautiful!

My thoughts goin' away in my mind.
Flyin' free with the wind.
Guessin' shapes from clouds.
My childhood imagination—

Coming back once more.

Till I come back again,

I remember this.

Till I see what again?

Till I see—

The leaves dancin’

,
The leaves fallin’

.
Flowers swayin’

,
Birds singin’

My face glowin’ from the sun’s rays,

My hair flyin’ in the wind.

My thoughts flyin’ away with the wind,

My childhood imagination comin’ once more.

Till I come back again.

I Went to a Place

Kazlie Ladner

I went to a place,
With skies of Cornflower blue,
as beautiful as the sun’s rays
soaring down on you.

With water so refreshing,
how could I want to leave?
the beautiful place
with leaves of forest green,
as time flies by
on this beautiful day,
I beg to stay.

Two Sisters

Lorelai Gollogly

Two sisters, biodiverse
Two sisters run the Earth.
Flora, plants are in her name

Fauna, animals are in her game

Two sisters like night and day,
Two sisters run and play.
One bounding freely, like a deer in her hour,

The other as delicate as a flower

And though their lives are great and grand,
They face dreadful, awful, terror through the land.
People who come and go,
litter and pollute, filling the sisters with woe

Flora's plants wither, shrivel, and dies,
Fauna's children let out silent screams and cries.
Who will save the sisters?
Is it a child or some misters?

I guess only time will tell,
Whether their futures turn out well,
So, remember this story good,
And save the Earth, one day you could.

Love Without End, or You Are My Favorite Place

Manar El Ochy

Your eyes shine like the morning sun,
warming my heart and having fun.
In your arms is where I want to be.
With you, my love,
is where I'm free.
Your touch ignites a burning fire,
melting my fears and soothing my desire.
With every breath, I'll love you more,
forever and always.
That's the place I'm looking for,
where I can feel the light and heat.
With you beside me
I'm complete.
Together, our love,
like sunlight's constant rise and set,
forever will repeat.

Down by the Oceanside

McKinlely Dillard

Down by the oceanside
To feel the hot sand in my toes

The salty air in my nostrils
The sound of seagulls squawking
The sight of the waves rolling in and out.

Down by the oceanside
I love the sudden shock of the cold water
The tropical fish bubbling beneath the surface
The seashells getting tossed and turned by currents
The crabs scurrying their claws on the ocean floor.

Down by the oceanside
To know that dangers are lurking its shadowy depths
The darkness that consumes its bottom
The unknown that haunts its prey
For all the beauty it owns there are a million times more horrors in darkness.

Are there aliens?
Are there supernatural beings?
Are there ways to even know the rest of its dark endless chambers?
Are we safe from dangerous blackness?
What do we not know?

Healer of a Lonely Heart

Miracle Johnson

As I walk through the trees, I feel the breeze
Beneath my feet, it's a feeling that can't be beat
The sites that you see from that willow tree
As it was a lonesome loner like me

Never had I had friends I couldn't comprehend
The grass, flowers, the sun, the sound, the ground
It's the one thing that soothes me, the girl with no friends

I don't follow the trends, but when I walk outside,
I'll forever reside with that willow tree
As I said before, I'll say it again, as it was a lonesome loner like me
For that's just something most wouldn't understand

Homes in the Wild

Myra Madishetty

The horses run,
Out in the countryside
Oh they're having so much fun

And the birds above glide

The bears sleep,
In the rocky cave
And the fish swim deep
Then the bears go lave

The birds fly up to the tree
And make a cozy nest
While they live so free
And they can rest

Reptiles make their home
Underground or in the forest
At night they see the gloam
Out northwest

In the wild, homes are everywhere
Above our heads, or below our feet
The sight to see is rare
And the wild is where the animals meet

Playing by the Bay

Price Rogers

Do you remember when we were younger?
When we would find pine trees to climb.
When sticks were swords or walls for secret hideouts.
How about when we could get poison ivy on our knees,
When we would run from bees and hide behind trees.
Riding our bikes until the streetlights turned on.
That was the rule, "Be back before dark.", our parents would say.
Swimming in the bayou or digging for mudbugs.
By the end of the day our clothes would be stained,
Our hair would be frizzy, and our shoes torn.
We'd lose track of time and stay out past curfew.
The next day at school we anxiously await to be outside again.
Getting off the bus we run to the house, quickly finishing homework by 4:00 sharp,
The time we said we'd meet up in the creek,
Splashing in the water and catching tadpoles, "I bet I can catch more!"
You'd yell as you caught 1, 2, 3, and 4!

You'd pick up worms after it rained,
Laughing as they squirmed in your hand,
You put them down and watched them bury into the land.
You jumped over streams pretending they were aggressive rivers with sharks,
Landing in the moist clay and sand.

With many wonders and questions for the world to answer over time,
You laughed and played with others, never realizing it was the last.

You didn't notice when you made friends with kids at school,
Or when you started calling them instead of playing with the ones from before,
Who still stand at your door,
Hoping you would come out and play,
Unaware that you have stopped playing by the bay.

Night Outside in the Magnolia State

Rahlei Birdsall

This rusty town knows no bounds.
The magnolia petals fall from the trees.
The water gleams under moonlight.
The stars shining with unspoken tales.
The calming sound of a river running fills my senses.
This rusty town never sleeps.

People are already up,
Ready for work and school.
Cars are on the street
With places to be.
The sun slowly rises over the horizon.
Birds start to chirp.
The morning breeze blows through my auburn hair.
My brown eyes, an echo of a tree trunk, shine under the morning light of the sun.

Rainfall

Riley Forbes

I love the way the rain falls
As the trees fly
The wind grows
The deer die
The bugs in the creek
Swim to my eye
The cougar climbs the tree
Where I shall be

As the spider defines down the tree
And the wind growls at me
The leaves spread
Like a forgotten wildfire in the night
As the red light shines
The rainfall falls into the night

Under a waterfall
A spider shall be
Of course waiting on me
Run away as fast as you can
If you get caught
You'll be the next filet
Show your flowered colors and they will run away
The leaves red so is the moon
A blood moon comes out
Turns out it's you

So Far Yet So Close

Rylan Webber

Cascade of the sun
yellow and bright
Just like a sunflower sprouting out of spite

So earning and green, the trees so still have called upon me?
A skip to my left, a skip to my right
slowly following a fur out of fright
My nails digging into the home I'm doomed to be lived in
Is this really my coming to end?
A child so frightened with only a man's best friend

For this trip is a lesson only to you
Maybe, who knew, if my meaning is up to you?
After all, was it ever up to you?
I was just so far yet so close

The flashing lights
A pitched sound so unforgettable
Would this bring you to my aid or will this be our game of charades?
Just as you play along with friends
So greedy with their hands

A lost sight of something pleading and desperate

And to my mind of steel and heart of jello
You could only stay so far yet so close
Just as a race of recognition and hope
Being so far yet so close will never make us stars
The vines and trees of those words and thoughts captivate me
As being so far yet so close was disappointing to you

Your daughter once, a victim now, who will be so far yet so close.

Working Ants

Sadie Stringer

Together we're strong
As we march along
Sharing every load along
The road
Up the hill with iron will
Our colony we build
If one of us stumbles
We never let them fall
Our teamwork makes
Us stand stall
Moving like water
In a steady stream
Our unity shines bright

Safe Place

Serenity Skiffer

Stood before me was a tall branch
Gazing at me a sturdy figure
Beautiful waters stare at me
I am caught in a trance
It is a wonderful breeze
The water warm on my feet
The sun gleaming bright
I am happily pleased
My safe place, what a highlight
What an exciting view
The grass gently caresses my feet
I am overwhelmed with joy
I feel connected with nature
Animals here a placid
My safe place
A foreign heat

A safe place so collective and neat
A place for me

Quiet Beauty

Shalaya Smith

Nature, a quiet place
that may never seem so beautiful
the sun glistening throughout the night

The gentle breeze whispers secrets untold

Birds singing and crickets chirping
a stream so heavy and bright
reflecting stars off the moonlight
like heaven on earth on a summer night

Something so beautiful you might think twice
the leaves crackling off of the trees
while the birds are winging over the sky view
the deer scampering over the leaves

With no ease
peace and quiet
just like that silence

A place where you can go
when you feel sad or just wanna be alone
to me nature is my home

A Colorado Adventure

Tatem B. Morrow

A Colorado adventure that opened my eyes
to the changes of nature was beyond my surprise
With color like no other, it begins with each sunrise
A scenic view of Aspen trees revealing their golden glow
A migration of great elk descending into the valley below
A portrait painted with a sky so bright
A deep blue with great height
Crossing canyons watching the show
The crystal-like rivers in the valley that flow below
We traveled up mountains, snow covering the ground
White covered trees until you couldn't see or be found
When the wind blew it filled the air of pine and icy flakes

With abundance of white gold, we took our hands to create
All that was heard was laughing and snowballs landing at high rates
Continuing until our paws became numb with cold
Our pack conceded it was time to fold

As we declined down the snow-covered trail
We didn't stop until we breathed that familiar smell
Campfires burning so bright it gave you comfort from the sight
Wood crackling almost singing, smoke rising upwards to nature's ceiling
At night the air still aglow underneath the carpet of snow
Looking above into the night the stars shined so bright

The wondrous view of God's night light

The memories still in my head always wondering when I can make more
Nothing quite like nature in the mountains of Colorado to explore

EIGHTH GRADE

Oh , Something About Nature!

Aa'Keyla Hill

Oh, Something About Nature, Soft and deep where whispers of wind rock the trees to sleep.
The River Hums low with a sliver gleam,
A mirror to every half-lost dream.

The Mountains Stand tall, their hearts of stone holding secrets the sky has never known.
A meadow sighs beneath the sun's whole hand, painting gold upon the breathing land.
The rain begins, a soft hello, each droplet a word the earth must know.
Oh, Something About Nature.
Thunder hums like a tired old tune, the fades beneath a swollen moon.

The oceans breath, a steady song pulls weary souls where they belong the stars lean close, the Clouds drift slow.
The world feels wide, yet still we know.
There's comfort here in wild things like grace.
A Steady Pulse, a gentle pace.
Roots that twist and hearts that bend, still find their strength again and again and again.
Oh, Something About Nature, Pure and True It Heals, It Hides, It Humbles You .
No words can quiet define its art, it only speaks to the quiet hearts.

Calm in Nature's Way

Angel Marie Davis

When I walk outside, it's all wide, blooming skies
with trees of different kinds.
Flowers dance where beauty lies;
but, even in the brightest light,
there's still a storm inside.
The wind's whisper brings tears to my eyes
as clouds above begin to sigh.
But, slowly, sunlight starts to break,
reminding me there's peace inside.

Though the storm may never stay away,
I'll find my calm in nature's way.

Life is a Beach

Chloe Oppedal

Before I even see the beach, my soul feels it.
Waves crash against white sand,
salty air drifts in, my hair is frizzy,
my mind in a tizzy, with memories of my last adventure drift in.
Seagulls call above me, shrieking, "Mine, mine."
Reality creeps back in.

Bright white sand blinds my eyes
as I scoop silky sand through my hand.
My body relaxes instinctively.
Seagulls swoop from the clear blue sky—
sandwich thieves in feathered disguise.
Reality creeps back in.

Salty air smells like medicine for my lungs,
until the stench of rotting seaweed
slaps me across the face.
Reality creeps back in.

Warm wind wraps around me like a soft blanket.
Gritty, warm sand presses between my toes.
Ocean spray drifts across my skin—

BAM! I am pelted with sand.
A toddler, slick with sunscreen, wearing an ocean
filled diaper, hurls a bucket of sandcastle at me.
Reality creeps back in.

I taste salty air, coconut sunscreen sweat
trickling across my lips.
I lift my perfect Publix sub to my mouth
Anticipating the most delicious bite—Nothing...
A feathered thief swoops in and snatches it.
Reality creeps back in.
And still, I return to the beach, because even *reality cannot ruin the beach* and its beautiful chaos.

Roses to Thorns

Dyanna Miles

It's summer the skies are blue and the beautiful rose bushes are in bloom
Kids are playing in the back yard and it's far from dark
the bees and butterflies are flying higher and higher in the blink of an eye
the forest in the back with the blue birds with eggs about to hatch
The kids get called in for dinner and the games end
A few months later and winter begins and the blue birds have left
The butterflies and bees are not to be seen
The kids are in jackets and snow boots with the parents watching
The rose bushes are black with thorns and they aren't as beautiful as before
Give it few more months and it will all repeat again

Gigi's Backyard

Elijah Burkes

Gigi's backyard is like no other place
Bringing comfort to the soul and grabs you with a warm loving embrace,
Sounds of mother nature's creatures chirping,
Barking, squirrels racing across the freshly cut grass as the
Heat of summer blazes through the air as beats of rhythm and blues pulsate from a nearby speaker.
Seeing the reflection of God through his
creation with luminations of red, purple, green, yellow, pink
& orange flowers that will make you sit and take in the visual for hours.
Smells of sweet vanilla and honeysuckle in the
spring or the sounds of Gigi's laughter with family,
see these are the things that make the
backyard a place of solace.
Soul food cooking of greens, sweet potatoes,
Cornbread and her special fried chicken, or pawpaw's pies, it's my own special food court made with
love,

A place that gave me everything I needed
From barbeques to bible reading, it's food from her heart to my soul, one I will cling to as
I grow old, to one day have my own
To pass along.

Fallin for the Fishing Hole

Elijah Hickman

A Place I Love.
Make My Heart Like A Warm Glove.
Like Heaven Above.
My Favorite Fishing Hole.

It Makes My Heart Swole.
It Makes My Heart Pound.
The Day It Was Found.
I'd Keep It A Secret Till I'm Dead In The Ground.
The Waters Soft Flowing.
Makes My Heart Start Glowing.

A Place I Hate.
Where The Fish Stole My Bait.
Like Keys Falling Through A Grate.
They Didn't Show.
My Heart Stopped All Glow.

The Waters Flow So Slight.
The Fish Would Not Bite.
They Showed No Fight.
I Gave Up All Light.
The Fish Had No Might.

The Stream

Ella Tullos

The stream is a beautiful place
Where we would play
Collect rocks
And eat lunch
Find fossils

You forget all your worries
You can run, walk, sit
But my favorite is listening
Listen to the serene sound of the water

Trickling over the big rocks
Or the sound of splashing water
Of the fish jumping high
Or listen to silence
The silence isn't awkward
Or boring
It's musical
Nature's music

I love the tadpoles
I love the plants
I love the rocks
I love the stream

The Deadly Shore

Emma Hale

I take a walk on the sand
Me and my thoughts, hand in hand
I look out to the unknown,
It's calling me deeper into its home

I go deeper, deeper, deeper
Just wanting to know more
But is it worth the cost,
The payment of the deadly shore?
My body goes afloat, I have no control
Just me and the unknown
Out here, dark and alone
But I can't go back now
I'm in too deep
Deeper, deeper, and deeper are the only thoughts I can think

Under the water, I'm filled with regret
And I don't know what is to happen next

But I see something, it gives me peace
I can breathe again,
And I can freely speak
It is big and bright, so I go toward it
I go toward the light, and I am somewhere new

I see gardens with flowers,
Trees with falling gold leaves,
Everything that brings peace

The Blueberries Bushes

Jacquelyn Gallup

The warm sun of summer casts its glow
And Grandma's house stands proudly, aglow.
With blueberries ripe and ready to pick
We venture forth, with hearts quick.
The bushes burst with berries everywhere
A feast for the eyes, a treat to share.
Our hands move swiftly, as we fill our basket
The sweet aroma fills us with rapture.
We chat and laugh, as we pick and talk
The day slipped by, in joyful walk.
The sky stretches vast above us, blue
Reflecting the joy that we're anew.

The Mountain

Jeremiah Guidry

Oh fair mother mountain, how do you do?
I see your red and gold hair twinkling in the wind
As the seasons change
I look up at you,
Oh how tall you are,
And I see your face
Right up with the stars
Many a man are your children
And many a man will see
You dancing with the sunset
As your daughters—the gales—rejoice and prance
Your sons the animals frolick frow
As you watch them all dance
I see your mother—the moon—
And yet it is you oh mother mountain
Who is the most striking of them all

A Wonderful Gift

Jraysen Cuevas

Perhaps one of the most wonderful gifts from the Creator
May just be the things of nature
The greatest smells from the flowers to the trees
Are so good they'll bring us to our knees

When the birds sing their beautiful song
Our ears will get up and dance along
When the sun rises and God paints the sky
It's a sight to behold, we certainly can't deny

Even at night, more critters seem to come alive
The bats, the owls, the racoons all seem to thrive
There may be unpleasant weather that destroys structures
But there's nothing to fear because it brings new nature

So always remember to say a thankful prayer
To the wonderful gift given from the Creator
Why this gift was given not one man knows
But I believe nature relieves us from our woes

The Beach

Laurel Malone

From the feeling of the soft sand on your skin, to the beaming sun on your face,
the beach is a magical place.

The graceful waves crashing against the sandy shore.
The sand castles little kids make that you occasionally or often stomp on.

You can see the kid's worried, shocked face as you walk past, and they scurry around like crabs that have
been scared by the presence of a white seagull to try and build it back up before it completely falls apart.

You either feel horrible or like you have been waiting for that moment your whole life.

Whitetail Deer

Lucas Edwards

Oh, how beautiful nature
It's too beautiful I fear
As I look around
Only snow is near

A beautiful whitetail deer
It's not but a year old I see
But I go back inside
Because the cold is not for me

The house is so comfy
So comfy and warm
As I eat my soup
I fall asleep in the cabin's dorm

I hear a gunshot
I jump out of bed
I look out the window
And the snow is red

I hate the hunters
I hate them so
All they leave
Is red in the white snow

I'm so sorry
Sorry for that deer
If only I had known
There were hunters near.

Oh, how beautiful nature
It's too beautiful I fear
But without the whitetail deer
The beautiful is nowhere near

When Fall Arrives

Maddison Edelen

Oh' when Fall arrives for I'm giddy
for Winter is too chilly
and Summer's heat
takes off the beat
and Spring to my nose
makes it want to close
for all the pollen in the air

for October days being the spook
and November lets my glutton off the hook
to feast on candy of spooky days
and indulge on food that will last through Mays
for Summer days are way too hot
and Spring and Winter days fill my nose with snot
autumn is the perfect between.

In The Forest Long Ago

Maddox Nickels

In a forest long ago,
Four foxes come and go.

One, two, three, four we declare a fox war
running around, laughing, wanting more.

We thought we were having a grand time,
but one fox felt bland, like he didn't quite rhyme.
We played around all day long,
ever so tight, like friends getting along.
We argued sometimes, but tried to stay tight,

till one fox said, "I'm done. Not tonight."
In a forest long ago,
three foxes come and go.
One two three yea sadly it's now us three

we thought we were happy, thought we were free.

But we didn't know how far he had run,
like he was heading straight for the sun.
In a forest long ago,
I feel their love, but still want to go.
I kinda want space, to be on my own,

but I feel bad every time I say "leave me alone".
In a forest long ago,
I'm sorry my friend but it's time for me to go.
But maybe one day, we'll meet again,
and things will feel like they did back then

I'll still remember the laughs we had,
the good and the silly, even the bad.
This isn't the end, just time apart,
you'll always have a place in my heart.
In that forest, where we are still all four,

maybe not now, but there's always more.

A Canvas of Creation

Madyson Matthes

Before the sun chooses to wake
the world hesitates its breath.
But the darkness can't stay forever,
so the sky eases its clenched fists.
It's slow and not rushed, quiet and calm.
Darkness fades, baring rays of vibrant hope.

The color spills from the darkness and shadows,
like Heaven is painting on a blank canvas.
What beautiful picture will we see today?
So many colors stretch across the sky
as a vibrant sun is starting to take a peek.
My gaze is transfixed on the beauty of creation.

The warmth of its brightness I start to feel.
A warmth so enjoyable like a mother's embrace,
like the warmth of a blanket enveloping me on every side.
The inviting smile of a close friend could bring the same warmth to your heart,
or the taste of your favorite soup by a campfire on a cold winter's night.
The happiness I feel from sunrise's light.

Hello glorious new day!
Goodbye darkness of the night.
As the sun continues to rise,
and eyesight returns, more of the world I can see.
Nature's beauty is visible all around,
but nature's sunrise in my eyes, the most profound.

White Cat
May Saleh

Small pretty baby
Big blue eyes, pink nose, white fur
Sleeps all day and plays

A Place I Call Home
Micki Grace Forrester

A place I love is a place I call home.
A place where the wind blows through your soul.
Where the sand tickles your gritty toes.
Where the salt just won't come out of your clothes.
Where the water ripples and the waves reach the sky.
I feel as if I am soaring high, so high.

I hear the children screaming and wailing around.
They like to play Simon Says, reaching up and down.
I then become calm, as the kids go to bed.
I sit in my chair, resting my head.
It is now quiet; you could hear a falling thumbtack.
Watching the sunset turn from blue to black.

A place I love is a place my heart holds.
A place I love is a place I call home.

Mother Nature's Song

Nevaeh Vogel

I let my head connect the earth
My fingers run slowly through the dirt
My heartbeat slows
My chest steadies
I wait for the storm to swallow my body

I breath it in and water sheds
Water droplets hold so much grace
Falling down it hits my face
The storm fastens and rages on
Mother Nature continues her song

She holds her grip upon the land
Laying her notes wherever I stand
Her melody strikes, shaking the earth
Her anger
Her rage
Why would people treat her this way?

I dance and play the rain wrapping my skin
It's cold and heavy, I breath it in
The sweet aroma of her song
It fills my lungs, my body, my soul
Without Mother Nature I wouldn't be whole

Nature is My Happy Place

Savannah Durr

Nature is my happy place
When I'm outside my mind is at ease
Nature can be full of wonders
It can be good or bad

Good is when you let everything grow in its natural habitat

Bad is killing natural resources
Nature is my happy place
It is calm and relaxing

Appreciating the world around you
The sound of the waves at the beach
The sound of animals in the jungle
Deserts are warm and some are cold
The earth is very diverse

Animals come in all shapes, sizes, and breeds
Plants have multiple uses too
Nature is my happy place
Mountains watch over us
The clouds light as air
And blew with the wind
The cool breeze

Nature is fun

Sound of birds in the morning
And starts at night
The bright moon
Crickets singing
Flowers are gorgeous also
I love outside
Nature is beautiful
Nature is my happy place

NINTH GRADE

The mysterious mountain mist

Aisha Waseem Gul

Dewdrops glistening in the early light
Listening to the sounds of the meadow awakening
I walk through the worn trail, the grass kissing my boots
The trees are whispering secrets of their own, tempting me to go farther
The mountain is cold, unforgiving, it reaches for what it cannot grasp.
It is cruel, it is greedy, yet it is somewhat honest.
I wipe away the salt on my lips, and shiver from the cold seeping into my bones.
Everything is dead up here, yet so alive.
From the decaying leaves, to the occasional deer that runs by, this is proof that life flourishes in the presence of death.
I glance up at the snowflakes that sleep on my rosy cheeks, as they weep onto my face.
Intricate, delicate designs that crumble once they touch something else.
Maybe we too, shatter once someone touches our hearts.
The snow hasn't settled into the grass yet, but the fog approaches, like a hound to a bone.

It cannot resist the temptation of feeling the soft blanket, although it knows it cannot last.
Sometimes, we love what we cannot have.
I twirl a white flower in my hand, given to me by my brothers, earlier.
Innocence, dignity, and harmony, all rolled into one little plant.
I almost begin to think it droops, from the weight it carries.
“Little doll!” my second oldest brother teases, as he picks me up.
I nestle into his chest, hiding from the cold.
The cold cannot reach where warmth does, as growth outlives rot.
He murmurs stories of adventure, of little monkeys that roam these mountains, of belonging.
He holds me close, securely, as we watch the river dance and tease.
He points to the tall trees, the huge rocks, the wildflowers that flourish despite being unnamed.
I gaze at the snow-capped mountains, at the sheer audacity of it.
It has the courage to be cold, to be unforgiving, yet still accommodate life.
How bold, how unashamed, how hospitable!

Maybe the mountains don't regret what they've become, maybe they're pleased.
To lie to yourself from the peak of the cold is easier than to confront the truth.

Nature is a place I call home.

Alyssa Parker

Its silence is comforting, a secret I don't have to tell.
Closed off from everyone else, I watch as the wild things live their true lives— the deer drinking the river water, the badger digging its burrow, the bluejays making their nest.
The world forgot me, and I'm okay with that, because the earth remembers my feet.

Nature is a gentle hand reaching for me.
The birds, a joyful choir, the sudden "plop" of fish in the water, and I like the feeling of the sun, a warm blanket, across my skin like a mother's loving embrace.
Out here, the human world dissolves, And I find myself alone, but never lonely, A new kind of kinship growing with the deep roots of the forest.

Nature where I love to spend my time.
Nature is a home for me and the animals it holds.
Nature is truly beautiful – bees, wasps, and mosquitoes are terrible — but I still love it.
For me the animals, bugs, creepy crawlies, and trees are my playground and home.

I have 3 dogs and we go running on sunny days and muddy ones too.
Fall has just hit and me and my uncle grow mustard greens, which are grown at home.
The one thing I wish for my nature home is that I wish fires won't start.

Hammock

Anne Lisi

Distant chatter fades into the swoosh of wind,

As I lie here staring up at the sky.
Branches stretching out and tangling together,
Muffled sunlight weaving through to my eyes.
Leaves glowing as they descend,
Sleepily twirling down from the sky,
Following the wind's every bend.
Squirrels run and scatter, slight bird chatter,
As I lie here staring up at the sky.
The hum of bees, the creaking of trees.
Softly swaying,
Watching time slowly pass by.
As I lie here staring up at the sky.

In the Quiet Woods

A'Zariah Conerly

In the quiet woods, blending into the trees,
Watching our surroundings, my father and me.

The woods became our quiet place,
Deer tracks in the dirt, rattling our fake antlers.
We wait,
and wait,
and wait.

As we wait and wonder,
Watching quietly, we begin to ponder,
Branches breaking, breaths held,
My dad holding his shotgun back, my heart begins to swell.

Eye contact being made with our stag,
I close my eyes behind the branch and attempt to hide.

A loud bang, my heart starts racing,
Like a predator after a long chase with their prey.

As excitement fills the woods,
Taking photos of our prize,
The sun glimmers upon our buck,
In the quiet woods where I hold all of my memories,
Hunting with my dad, feeling the crunch of the leaves,
My escape from society,
Hunting in MS is considered a remedy.

A Hold to a Natural Memory

Betsabe Roblero

As the moonlit night pulled in, and the clouds began to collide,
I sat under the tree and wept as I waited till the sounds faded.
My world was an obscurity, and I saw how the stars looked at me.
The leaves wiped my tears, while the shade kept away my fears.
It was the only thing I could do, sit and feel the wind in my face.
I loved how the stars were shining, so I didn't complain.

I had my book and read while dejected, then I stopped.
Every leaf and petal signifies nature having pure life.
Like us, plants need water, and like roses, without it, we'd wither.
Trees are what gives us the air we breathe and give us a cause.

As I thought this, I observed around me and heard the birds singing,
The crickets chirping and the fireflies glowing above the grass.

It was beautiful, that starry night, something more different than daylight.
At night, everything flows humid and fresh, filled with delight.
The breeze from the sky falls on the earth, and clouds begin to form.
The animals sleep and the leaves of the trees give me a gush of air.
The color of the sky evocates that very night of my sorrow.
It's a memory, something always to remember.

I would like it if someone understood me,
Knowing that nature is a place to feel free.
Telling this to you is more than a poem.
It's carried within the heart, until the end of my story.

A moon and her beauty

Charlotte Dupree

A night home alone
I sat on a swing;
Looking up to the sky
I see a beautiful thing.
A moon's full glow
Bristled through the trees.
It made me think
"Does the moon feel the same as we?"

The moon has phases
And so do we.
Does she have a favorite one?
Does she let herself be?

Does the moon only bounce back the light she receives?
Is she a muse? Is she a beast?

Do her phases reflect the effort she puts out?
Is a new moon her hide away?
A place to get out?

All these questions I wish to ask
Only to have silence returned back.
I remember I'm alone,
The cold fills my hand.
I take a picture to remember
Before heading back in.

I remember her gaze,
A comforting one.
A being so special yet so unsung.
It became a favorite of mine,
So sometimes I visit
Before heading back in to relax a bit.

I Love the Outside World

Daylah Winfrey

I love the Outside world
it is so peaceful and nice.
There are a lot of things you can do, like
camping, swimming, fishing or hunting for food.
My dad has land
but I'm a city girl, but I love the birds and animals.
I love camping me and my mom
camping in the yard we had smores
they were good
Hunting for food, NO!
I like my food cooked
not kill it and cook it in the fire.
I love floating and playing in the pool
and that is why I love nature.

I Hate Nature

Jaslyn Dixon

I hate nature
The smell of manure blown in the wind

Suffocating me every chance it gets
Tiny creatures crawling underneath my skin
Leaving my arm littered with tiny little nicks

I hate nature but the feel of the breeze
When the air is actually clean
Mixed with the sounds of the sea
Puts me at ease

I hate nature but the tears of the sky
Mixed with its angry war cry
Caused by its pounding fists of light
Creates a painful lullaby
Even nature can feel anger and fright

I hate nature but the splashing of water hitting itself
The liquid falling down as if on a shelf
Like a mystical slide made my younger self
The rushing water creates a bass that's felt
In one's heart that brings peace to one's self

I hate nature but those green towers been through it all
They lean with the enraged wind but never fall
Some have been around since man were fearful
Some are just now experiencing the cruelty of the real world
Without them our lives would be dull, beauty adding color to us all

I hate nature but I could not see a world without other animals
The uniqueness, knowledge, and beauty of them is unbelievable
Many think of them as lesser but that's far from true
Without them we'd still be looking for well-known fruits

I hate nature, that is a lie
I merely dislike it at times
But that dislike is erased when I remember the things I like

24 Minutes....

Jasmine Dozier

The bell rings as an imaginary timer starts in my head.
With bag in hand, I make my way to the best part of my days. 23...
The aroma of ketchup fills my head, and students are everywhere like an enormous maize.
I find the right way out of the chaotic room and feel the blaze of the sun on my skin. 22...
The feeling of... *freedom* with a touch of bliss and serenity. I've made it to the place I love. 21...
At the place I love; I see my friends beckoning me over as my smile reaches my ears. 20...
I open up a pack of Goldfish and watch them play the *Wicked* soundtrack. 19...
They sing loud and offkey, but I join anyway as someone bellows, "Attack!" 18...

The baby bees and the colossal-sized wasp were hungry and ready to prey. 17...
Now, I'm wondering how I'm going to defend myself;
With a stray spork or one of my best friends - even if it is his birthday. 16...
The place I love reminds me that there is more to life than another test. 15...
With the trees standing tall and the leaves falling low,
I can see changes in weather as well as in my friends as we sit below. 14...
Some are graduating, and some are freshmen like me,
But there are no promises to our future, so I always try live in the present. 13...
Many may not realize it now, but the present is a very precious thing. 12...
Hold on to every moment because one day it will end. 11...
I try not to think about it too much and carry on having fun with friends. 10...
The last 9 minutes, we all hastily finish our food,
But not before asking, "Who's done the Wordle today?" 8...
7 minutes left with no time to spare; we talk about what homework is due,

And how to get 'angle B' from finding 'x' to 'p'. 6...
The wind starts to blow 5 minutes before time is up;
I start to pack up my bag as 4 minutes converts into 3...
The place I love is outside at the lunch table with my best friends. 2...
I drag my feet back inside, but I'm full with food and fellowship. 1...
Every tomorrow offers 24 minutes to go to the place I love with the people I love. 0. Beep! Beep!

Avent Park

Jayden White

In Oxford there's a place where kids love to play,
Avent park known for the memories and laughter every day.
The swings fly high without a care,
Snacks under the pavilion to share.

Families gather to share the fun,
Out in the field under the sun.
A quiet stroll on the trail, catch a breeze,
Look at all the big trees.
The field is so vibrant green,
It is really a beautiful scene.
The courts are really amazing,
You could use the seats for stargazing.

The different events hosted there,
It is as fun as a fair.
All the friends I have met there,
How I feel for them all I really care.

The years they come and go,
But Avent Park will always show
The simple things are both friendly and true

Can hold the heart of Oxford too.

The Earth Keeps Watch

Kailey Peterson

When the night shivered with anger
And shadows pressed against the glass,
her voice, thin as a willow's sigh
Rose through the restless dark

Above, the patient stars unfolded,
tiny lanterns in a velvet sky.
They listened to her trembling breath,
their silver eyes refusing to cry.

The moon, round with quiet knowing,
spread a hush across the ground
a gentle keeper of the weary,
a promise that peace can be found.
Mountains held their ancient posture,
shoulders broad against the storm.
Rivers hummed their endless hymn,
a lullaby both soft and warm.

Even the wind, in secret currents,
wove her name through cedar leaves;
its whispered vow: you are guarded,
your spirit the earth believes.

When morning slipped across the horizon,
with her slow and golden climb,
the sun laid down a path of light,
a welcome far beyond the night.

And every root beneath the soil,
and every branch that reaches high,
will hold her in their quiet strength
until all wounds have passed by.

I Wish I Could Appreciate It

Kandy Delgado Ramirez

I wish I could appreciate it.

I wish I could see that magnificent and majestic bird, that exquisite beauty, and hear its celestial song echoing through the forests.

I wish I could caress its beautiful feathers, admire their patterns, and not just wonder every day:

"Are they soft and delicate like cotton, or firm and strong?"

My desire to know these birds never ceases or diminishes with the passage of time.

I wish I could be near one of them, without disturbing or frightening it with my footsteps or my voice.

And as an animal lover, I couldn't leave this world without seeing and admiring them, even if only for hours, minutes, or brief seconds, even if only to hear them.

In any case, I would be immensely grateful, if only I could, if only I could have the opportunity to meet them and learn why they are beloved in some places.

Ojalá Pudiera Apreciarlo

Ojalá pudiera apreciarlo.

Ojalá pudiera ver esa magnífica y majestuosa ave, esa exquisita belleza, y escuchar su canto celestial resonando en los bosques.

Ojalá pudiera acariciar sus hermosas plumas, admirar sus dibujos y no solo preguntarme a diario:

"¿Son suaves y delicadas como el algodón, o firmes y fuertes?".

Mi deseo de conocer a estas aves no cesa ni disminuye con el paso del tiempo.

Ojalá pudiera estar cerca de una de ellas, sin perturbarla ni asustarla con mis pasos ni con mi voz.

Y como amante de los animales, no podría irme de este mundo sin verlas y admirarlas, aunque

solo fuera por horas, minutos o breves segundos, aunque solo fuera para escucharlas.

En cualquier caso, estaría inmensamente agradecido si pudiera, si tuviera la oportunidad de conocerlas y aprender por qué son tan queridas en algunos lugares.

River Feels

Kate Needham

Feet stepping into the slimy mud
mosquitoes biting my limbs
Heat flushing over me like a flood
My hope for fun dims

Children playing all around
Messy they are
To the water they are bound
To me they are bizarre

Slip, there I go
Into the disgusting water I fall
Ick the algae sticks to me, so
The muck and me brawl

I stop
I stop
I halt
I feel

I close my eyes, and nothing seems real
I hear water trickling
The flapping of dragonflies sounds like steel
The birds' constant snickling

I feel water bursting
Against my hand it follows
I feel algae sticking
To my legs, it swallows

I open my eyes
A taste of moss in my mouth
Nature it cries
For us to see one sprout

Mississippi Nature
Katelyn Oatis

Mississippi is a place surrounded by green,
And I was home snuggled in my blanket,
Sunlight beaming through the sweetgum tree leaves,
Making star shapes on my skin.

Seeing magnolia flowers in the distance,
Smelling the tangy citrus smell in the air.

The sounds of birds chirping in the distance,

The northern mocking bird singing,
Waking up the whole city.
As I listen, it lights up my day.
As the sun begin to fall,
The coldness begins to set.

And I hurry back home to sit by the fireplace,
The sounds of cicadas buzzing in the distance,
Beginning to fade away.

The Secrets in the Stones

Katherine Krueger

My favorite place
The cemetery
The colors are bleak and dull
Just like those of my grandmother's eyes
She would come with me every week
And lay flowers by a gravestone
Whispering to herself
The cherry blossom tree
In a green grassy patch
That my brother and I would climb
Looking out at the hundreds of gravestones
Oh, how many lives changed because of them
My cousin and I
Walking along the most trodden path
Making up stories for the people as we went
Not yet understanding
The pain behind each name
My favorite place
The place where the secrets in the stones
Are kept forever
The place where many stories come to an end
And some just begin

Nature's Everlasting Cycle

Kayden Gros

Ancient trees begin to perish in grace.
Their murk intertwines through daylight's space.
Resonant leaves crunching in the grass,

Scents of floral start to harass.
The moss deep under is cool
Every breath you take is calm and full.
The sky turns dark, the stars ignite,
The day dissolves into the night.

As the night ascends across the land
Leaves one feeling gloomy, but some can't stand.
Stars awaken one by one
Like sparks from the waning sun.
Alas, everything must come to an end
The night will no longer be your friend.
Dawn will continue to a new day's art,
For nature plays a vital part.

Lepidoptera Insects

Kaylee Buck

I step outside, the sun's divine,
Then buzz, a fly invades my line.
A beetle scuttles near my shoe,
I jump three feet (as one must do).
A spider swings from unseen thread,
Right past my face, I wish it dead.
Mosquito hums its hungry song,
My skin won't last the bite for long.
Ants parade across my snack,
Wasps plan an aerial attack.
A moth bombs my peaceful light,
My calm dissolves into the night.
Caterpillars crawl with flair,
Why must they all have so much hair?
Nature's fine from far away,
Just not when bugs come out to play.
I love the trees, the skies above,
But insects? No, that's not my love.
Bugs are not my cup of soju
Dear bugs, the world's not big enough for two.

Jogging Through the Wild Symphony

Kaylee Good

The path rolls like a ribbon earth
Muddy perfumes rising
A spice box of rain and roots

I taste the morning

Honeyed light dripping
From clouds onto my tongue

Each stride claps against gravel.
Spark of rhythm echoing
My heartbeat is a drummer,
The forest a full band

The wind tags at my shirt
Like a laughing child,
Whistling secrets through the trees

Here, in this dance of motion and mess
I fall in love again

Not just with running
But with the whole breathing world

The Beauty of Nature

Kelsie Smith

The baby breaths, the muted tones of color,
The gentle feeling when I'm around them.

The butterflies, swaying through the wind freely,
showing off their beautiful patterns.

The plant's whispering to each other,
while the birds chirp and the wind blows.

The pretty colors, even the ugly ones,
I still value them.

The quietness and peace of nature,
and the ease that it gives me.

Frolicking Flowers

Kenzy Flowers

We had no pool
We had to think of something cool.
My sister and I rushed inside
And excitedly found two large bags
Stretched them on the tall, warm grass
Dashed to make the water hose splash.

Woosh, wham, bam!
Stepping on the plastic crinkling like leaves
We see our neighbor watering her seeds.
We resume to float
Pretending to be on a boat
Somewhere in a large ocean
Laughing together in every motion.
We learned that summer day
Our imaginations can take us far away in nature
In our own backyard, makeshift pools
Can easily soothe
Two sisters finding magic the world didn't have to approve.
Flowers in full bloom, together in the sun.
Making summer come alive, pure bliss and fun.

Nature is an Art Form

Lily Coker

Nature is an art form in itself,
for its rivers wind and burrow in fields
as the small prickly blades of green are what the dirt wields.
Trees blow messages with little gusts of wind,
and all their gnarled roots curl within.
As Mother embraces us with sunny days,
she can also neglect us in cold ways.
Sometimes rain falls in a pitter patter motion
Sometimes the clouds dissipate with no commotion.
Little spotty buggies found under rocks
and big wings of avians that shade and make no stops.
Nature is a painting, with more texture applied,
with its own ecosystem that lives and thrives.
Nature is an art form, a known fact,
so go outside to see an environment so abstract.

Morning's Embrace

Maddisyn Spight

The sun paints the morning with hues of gold,
As gentle breezes whisper stories untold.
Trees stand tall, their leaves a vibrant dream.
Nature's Beauty, a serene scene.

The Breeze

Madilyn Dixon

I am Fall
I am creative and observant
I wonder what lies beyond the horizon
I hear the rustling of leaves in the wind
I see a kaleidoscope of colors swirling in the sky
I want to travel the world and experience new cultures
I am Fall
I pretend I am a fearless adventurer
I feel the warm of the sun on my skin
I touch the soft petals of a delicate flower
I worry about the future and the unknown
I cry when I see injustice and suffering
I am Fall
I understand that everything happens for a reason

I say believe in yourself and never give up
I dream of a world filled with people and harmony
I try to make a difference in the lives of others
I hope for a brighter future
I am Fall

One Day

Maleigh Roberts

Rain falls through leaves like tears
leaves blow in the wind like long soft hair in the fall,
a peaceful breeze,
bugs crawl on tree limbs
frogs jump from branch to branch,
I ask myself, "Why can't life be so simple?
Why can't I crawl on tree limbs and jump from branches?"
I guess nature is too beautiful for me to live in
I guess I can't sleep in trees and lay in rain
it's not fair,
I like the dark and silence of a rainforest
nature is just too good for me, I guess
maybe one day, in another universe
maybe I can live in trees and jump on branches
maybe one day I can feel the peaceful breeze,
that breeze I dream and hope for every night,
maybe one day I can get away from stress and anxiety
and live in a rainforest
maybe, someday my hopes and dreams will be true

Nature's Effect

Mya Morris

Beneath the sprawling canopy's embrace,
Where sunlight dances through emerald lace,
The forest hums a gentle tune,
A melody beneath the moon.

Rivers carve their winding way,
Carrying secrets of the day,
Their waters clear, their voices bright
reflecting dawn's first lights.

Mountains stand with silent grace
Guardians of time and space,

Their peaks kissed by clouds "soft sigh"
Touching dreams that soar so high.

In fields where wildflowers bloom,
Color chase away the gloom,
A symphony of life's pure art,
Nature's song within the heart.

Midst quiet woods and open plains
The soul finds peace, the mind remains
In nature's, so wild, so free--
A timeless gift for you and me.

Wonders of Mississippi

Taryn Barber

Large spiders, calm gemstones like eyes,
Tulips of many colors, twirling in the fields,
The wise oaks, whistling the secrets in the wind
Groups of deer, munching on the fresh field.

Mating squirrels, dancing in the trees,
Freshly cut hay, the smell mingling with lilac,
The sunset, shimmering in shacks.

All the wonders of the world,
Found in Mississippi,
It's great to witness.

Oh, Blessed is Mississippi

Troy Dykes

*Mississippi, the cotton filled dream,
Smear'd across Mississippi like shaving cream,
Oh, blessed is Mississippi to have cotton.*

*Mississippi the Magnolia State,
Magnolia the striking flower that's great,
Oh, blessed is Mississippi to have magnolia.*

*Mississippi the state with the mimic,
Mockingbirds although cunning, and stunning, they are not a gimmick,*

Oh, blessed is Mississippi to have Mockingbird.

*Mississippi the state with oaks,
Oak that stand tall and mighty wearing its leafy cloak,
Oh, blessed is Mississippi to have oak.*

Oh, blessed is Mississippi.

Wispy Meadows

Za'riah Johnson

In fields of green where skies are wide
Our family laughter side by side.
Trees whisper tales as breezes blow
Nature embrace a gentle glow.

Through winding paths we laugh and roam
Discovering beauty far from home
Each stone, each leaf, a work of art
Nature wonder fills every heart

As evening falls, stars start to gleam
Around the fire we share a dream
In nature, peace our spirits soar
A family trip forevermore

Willow

Zuri Pearson

As I walk through the fresh breeze

that hits my face
I tend to look around at the different things
that amuse my taste
from the smallest flower bud
to the biggest tree
Something tends to overwhelm me
Maybe it's the city lights that drown me
in a large head aching blanket of white
or maybe it's the people that fill my ears
with an unsatisfying night
But somehow I always get drawn to that big willow tree
on a field behind third avenue
I sit under it as it
takes all my emotions

but when I leave, internally, there's no commotion
The willow leaves stay on my mind
seeing how they just fall into place
but not into line

They each have the same function
yet none of them look the same
They remind me of myself and how unique I am,
not needing fame
Willows are my favorite part of nature, at least for now
Because they show me that I am beautiful in my own way

TENTH GRADE

By the Pond Ayden Griffith

At home, where memories softly flow,
A pond behind the house I know.
Grandfather's laughter in the breeze,
Fishing together beneath the trees.
He taught me patience, cast and wait.
Though he's gone, I still return,
For wisdom, love, and lessons learned
Each ripple holds our time spent here,
His spirit is near.
Home is more than walls and land
It's where I hold his guiding hand.

That beautiful place

Carlin Barkley

The fresh air and cool breeze
I notice it all the time.
The mountains rise before me
Glowing beneath the evening sky.
The trees stand tall and steady
Their leaves scattered on the ground.
A bird whistles through the valley
Its song the sweetest sound.
There's a magic in this place
A peace I can't explain

Each time I step outside
It takes my breath again.
Downtown hums with laughter
The scent of food drifts through the air.
Music spills from open doors
And joy is everywhere.
When the sun slips behind the hills
And the town grows still and deep.
My thoughts begin to wonder
These memories, I'll forever keep.
It's always hard to say goodbye
To leave this mountain view.
But my heart stays in the Smokies
Till I can come back to you.

Mother Nature's Perspective

Casey Boyd

I am Mother Nature. I stand strong
I breathe the life of every bird's song
In the Middle of silence, my heart finds its own beat,
For where the trees grow, and the river flows

In the field where the deer run wild and free
For I am the sun that warms their feet
In the valleys where bees buzz
And foxes play, covered in orange fuzz
As the seasons change, and the leaves differ
For I bring the rain to nourish the earth

Despite this, I feel the pain of your scars,
From the drying of rivers to your fancy boxcars.

Your cities built on previous open space,
You walk around with boxes in your face, forgetting my grace.

Tears shed for the tree that once stood so proud,
Now silenced beneath concrete shrouds.
When my storms yell in furious might,
You tremble and hide through the night
For I yearn for what used to be, the harmony bright.

But despite all my pleads, I hold on tight,
In the bloom of the spring, in the stars of the skies.
For every lost soul, a new one will rise,
In the heart of destruction, I still see the light.

I am patient yet strong, ever bearing, and bold,
An echo of life, a transformative hum.
So listen to my soft whispers, and learn from my ways,
For I am your mother, through all of your days.

The Pearl River Scar

Cason Smith

Like a scar of age,
That everyone needs to see.
From the beautiful scenery,
The countless trails,
Mississippi is a place to tell.

The red color,
The Pearl River,
The Red Bluff will leave you with shivers.

The 200 foot drop,
All the stops,
The Red Bluff will make your jaw drop.

From the gold rush days,
To the Mississippi ways,
Red Bluff you are like a scar of age.

To our "Little Grand Canyon"-
The million trails,
Mississippi is a place to tell.

From the railroad tracks,
That make you wanna go back,

All the people there,
All the memories made,
Red Bluff you truly are a scar of age.

Beauties Of Nature

Conner Lumpkin

As I walked through the forest
beneath the beautiful blue sky
The river flows, the mountains so high
While eagles trace their dreams in the sky
The sunlight drips through the leaves

as they crunch under my feet.
A golden thread the morning weaves
The flowers bow, the willows grieve
yet all find peace the heart believes
Nature is so beautiful and green
a quiet truth that shall endure
that every stone and breeze and shove
The light from the sun shines bright from above
I look down and see my reflection in the beautiful pond below my feet.
The water of the pond so blue and clear
That's all I could think about in my nightly prayer

The Creek That Holds My Soul

Desirae Flowers

Ten years old, no training wheels now,
Exploring the neighborhood, things that don't want to be found.
Untouched long grasses, railroad spikes;
We were bored one summer, so we took a hike
To a rocky long creek that still reminds me of you;
We found a small sand island, big enough for two.
We started fires, and stole lighters;
We might've been tired but still pulled all-nighters.
I miss my friends dearly, and sneaking away to our spot;
We were outside every season, freezing or hot.
Thirteen rolls around, my teen head a mess;
I needed an escape, the creek held my regrets.
The water, freezing cold, would numb my mind;
Speaking into green reflections always helped me unwind.
Climbing through pokers, tangled in vines;
Memories at the creek, those were better times.
Fourteen hit; time flew by so fast.
One thing that doesn't change, I know, is the past.

First boyfriend, first date, I showed him my spot;
It was a bad idea, given no thought.
I wish I could go back, and throw away that shot;
Besides spent with him, I'll always cherish the time I got,
To sit under those great trees, with family or not,
That creek in Pennsylvania, where my soul has been caught.

Life with Light

Destiny Sutton

A shiny, settled sun
with the green underneath

A blue brightness hits above
with a warm feeling that oversees

Oversees us all in depth
with grace, sincerity, and joy

The wind carries a sweet scent
Overcoming sorrow with love and peace

The cloud comes with a deep breath of fresh air
Come to bring us all, all a sigh of relief

Relieves us all in depth
with grace, sincerity, and joy

Within Life, brings dark, harsh weather
some things not so bright

But the simple brightness brings comfort
and opens the light.

Ivory Memories

Elizabeth Lucas

The icy air snips at my skin,
The wind whistles and the trees rustle.
Deep within the forest is a place,
Unbeknownst to all, it captures my childhood.

The ground covered in thick blankets of white,
The sky is such a pale blue that it reflects your mind.
The fauna asleep in such a dreary time,

However, this cold only wakes me further.
It reminds me of memories far beyond.

With every breath,
every freezing shiver I see clearer.
As my bones fall into the snow,
I am greeted by such nostalgic visions.
The cardinals come to collect me,
The bells reverberate, far away they reside,
The song of winter plays, what a darling sound.
Dangling in such delicacy is crystals all around,
Something so indelible it drives my heart.

Deep within the night I lingered,

The warmth is no longer the sun peering its head.
Instead it is the laugh that echoes all about.
I reach to feel deeper into the Earth,
To grasp this haven and indefinitely stay.
Such trivial romances are long forgotten by man.
Again, the familiar feeling returns,
The remnants of every moment spent here.
All through the remembrance the niveous hides me,
The flurry of both ivory and sentiments.

Where the Wind Remembers Me

Jaydon Lucas

There's a field behind my grandmother's house
where the grass grows tall enough
to brush my knees when I walk.
Nothing special, really just weeds,
a few stubborn wildflowers,
and a fence leaning like it's tired. But that's where I learned the way
the world slows down
when you let it.
How the wind can carry your thoughts
farther than your legs ever could.

I'd go there when home felt loud,
when my chest felt tight,
and the field never asked why.
It just opened its arms—quiet, patient.

A red-winged blackbird would land on the fence
and tilt its head at me,
as if it heard the things

I didn't know how to say it.

If I could make one wish for the field,
it's that no one ever builds over it—
so, someone else can find a place
that listens.

The Pit

John Stubblefield

The Pit is where I always want to be
The empty field filled with decoys has called me since I was five

Even though the thrill never found me till I was ten

The Pit is where I stay during the short winter days
And the house gives me warmth throughout the night
It's always filled with the presence of family and a warm meal

The Pit is often cold and wet outside on the ground
But underneath the large ceiling
There lies a warm room warmed by a heater and insulated by concrete

The Pit is a place of rest
Although designated for hunting when you are awake
It is filled with sleeping men and boys who can't see a bird

The Pit is enticing, though often discouraged
As if schoolwork is the most important thing in the world
Even when surpassing most other people's standards

The Pit, most of all though, is my favorite place to go to
All the memories made could not take me
From the comfort and joy of The Pit.

An Ode to Sunrise and Sundown

Johnya Johnson

Every night before true moonfall,
I always hear its call.
The wondrous sight
fills me with delight.
As the moon relents,
and the sun ascents,
The color fills,
a certain thrill.

Not to disgrace,
the other space.
The moon's ascent,
does not earn my contempt.
The dark blue hues,
never leaves me with the blues.

Beneath the star's gleam,
I drift into a dream.
With night's embrace,
I find my place,
where light and shadows blend,
a timeless friend.

Sunset Paddle
Kaelyn Howard

I paddle down the river slowly,
The water gleams with the sunset's glow.
The sky is painted pink and blue,
A peaceful scene in every view.

The trees whisper as winds drift by,
Saying goodbye to the fading day.
Soft colors blend both near and far,
Guiding me like a glowing star.

The sun dips low, the day says bye,
Beneath the pink and blue sky.

With every paddle, calm and slow,
I watch the evening's gentle glow.
These quiet moments fill my mind,
A sunset's peace so pure and kind.

The Ride
Kalley Bonee

The morning hums a golden tune.
Through wisps of mist, the tires glide.
While leaves like embers drift and slide.
Every worry becomes a distant memory.
The trees bow low in amber grace.
Their shadows dance across my face.
The sun breaks through in molten streams.
Like light poured straight from half-forgotten dreams.

My music hums inside my ears.
The world fades out, the music becomes thoughts.
Each note becomes the breath of air which I breathe.
The pulse of the road, the hum I feel.
A fleeting peace, so soft, so clear.
The world is in motion, I just ride.
The forest is not yet burning in copper flame.
And as the sunlight warms the day.
I drift through gold, then fade away.

The Feeling of Nature

Karlie Price

I walk through the trail,
Breaking overgrown vines
Whether or not I feel frail,
I feel strong during these times.

The golden sun on my shoulders,
The feeling is no longer of boulders.
If I could, I would stay within the light,
Instead of managing this long fight.

The lack of pressure,
There's no longer a stressor.
No longer do I bask in this darkness,
But in this place my feelings I can harness.

The words that used to claw beneath my skin,
Wash away with the ocean's swim.
While I'm here, I expand with glow,
And my heart seems to grow.

While eventually, I must return to the dark,
I take the time to retain this spark.
Every once in a while, I will be at this place
And I can finally shed the weights,
and shine like the sun without the responsibilities of my face.

Grandma's Garden

Ke'Miyah Jimison

You're so full of life
Every berry that you bloom is so ripe
When I was little, I could see birds in the sky singing cheerfully,
But now that I am blind, I have to feel your beauty
I will never forget the butterflies like it was yesterday When I had perfect eyes
I will never forget the way Your roses glow and when little kids tried to touch them you'd say, 'No!'
I ask the Lord will I be able to see you again my vision has been slowly returning since then
You are filled with so many kinds of fruit you smile so good like a rainbow toot
Oh Garden! I love you! The first watermelon I planted, you grew
Every since I lost my sight, I still think about the days me and Grandma would come see you at
night
Your rose of tomatos are plentiful, but when the other grandkids see them, they think it's pitiful
I appreciate every moment with you. Oh Garden! I love you!
I really hate digging in dirt, but for you I put in the hardest work.

When I Reach the Rainbow

Kimberly Trejo

When the rain concluded its torment
And the skies unbend from discontent
A vibrant frown shines through the meadow
Flaunting pigments, red to indigo.
I wander alongside little ones,
To catch the curve where the sunlight runs.
Skipping over blossoms and puddles,
Looking in and seeing our doubles.
We follow the pathway to the stars,
The remnants of rain, the sky's memoir.
As we chase after the fading arc,
The blue begins to forget its spark.
We remain unsolemn, our smiles stay,
This memory will never decay.

Talking to the Night Sky

Kylie Caballero

Skipping along the brick stoned wall
We'd call out to the big beautiful moon
Saying "Luna, luna, dame una!",
Till our breath was out and we lost tune
I remember making his truck into our bed
And wishing upon stars in our head
Matching each point they had
Till our eyes were sore and mad.
Not mad in the way when you're upset,
But mad in love with stars in my head
Wanting to go up high and look closely

See each one of their details as it's focusing
But since I'm still on earth,
I'll watch as they make us fall in love,
With their light, shape, and meaning.
As we begin to have dazzles in our eyes
And wish we could use their disguise
So that maybe, just maybe he'd give me just one chance up there
High in the sky like a beaming light
Way up there where she said she'd hide
But I'll still wait at starlight gate
For her to tell me what she likes and hates.
So as I wait I'll ask again
"Luna, luna, can I please have una?"

True Nature

Kylie Rose

The winds push pass me
The leaves dance in the wind
The sunlight beats down
The bees buzz around me
Its sound like they are calling to me
The trees lean to cover me
In the sky are paintings
I hear the wind call my name
I see the flowers dance around me
I see the animals gather around
I wonder if this is heaven
Everything is calm
This is nature

Stormy Woods

Marianna Taylor

Gray clouds gather, dark and near,
Wild woods shiver, light unclear.
Wind howls through the twisted trees,
A dangerous beast on the breeze.

Branches swing, rain pours fast,
Thunder rolls, a tough blast.
A place I fear, yet can't leave,
The stormy woods call to me.

Cooperation

Max Chen

Locusts are insects that travel in swarms to fly
But to call them social would be very much a lie
For quite like a stampede
There is but one creed:
To fall behind and get eaten would be to die

The Grass

Natalie Coker

Feel the grass beneath my feet, anchoring me to the ground.
Listen to the dry crunch of the leaves,
To the birds chirping and
The cows moo from across the street.
Close my eyes and focus
On the sounds and the cold, prickly grass.

Just a City Girl, I'm nothing like the old me

Nuby Sylaria

Country life, oh country life never really had thought of having you country life, oh country life the riches you bring is more than just food. Working early in the morning before the sun begins to shine working late at night way past 9. Though the city life was where it's at everybody who says that is just scared to get their feet wet. Never knew why momma loves the land so much, oh but now how it gives me a rush to be my own boss, grow my own things and not spend all that money on store bought things, when I have it in my back or front yard. Country life, oh country life, it's crazy how the world makes you seem so small. Country life I see now the dew on my greens and the bees around my trees. I see I am helping myself with all due respect to the city life y'all can have it. I can feel the breeze hitting my face when I'm chasing the goats to put them back in place. I understand now what I was blind to see. I truly love the country life and God knows it loves me. Country life, oh country life be good to me as I place my steps where God wants me to be.

Matthew 6:26- Look at the birds in the air: they do not sow or reap or store away in barns; and yet your heavenly father feeds them' Are you not much more valuable than they?

Matthew 6:21 For where your treasure is there your heart will be also.

Spot

Ryley Lilly

A peaceful place where birds sing clear,
squirrels run around free with no harm to fear.
When night descends, owls take their stand,
Perched in the trees that look over the land.
The swing we built shares our first kiss,
A perfect moment that is simply bliss.
Soon the trees turn orange and the cool wind blows,
Leaves scattered along the floor where deer hooves go
Watching as nature takes its form,
memories made free from any storm.
Appreciating what Mother Nature has made,
Just me and you secluded in our glade
No matter snow or rain, I'll always come to you,
For our spot remains beautiful, strong, and true.

The Wanderers Slumber

Sadie Alexander

Swaying branches Rustling leaves Traced paths Guiding me
Etched trails
Stretch far and wide But where to?
My feet shall stride
Lost and lonely
Cold and scared It's getting dark Loud, whistling air
Found and safe Warm and calm
My wandering minds rests In natures palm

Night-time Peace

Serenity "Jade" Johnson

The moon and stars
Shine bright like golden bars
The quiet midnight breeze,
Flowing gently through the trees.

The quiet rustle of leaves
the soft jingle of keys
After fulfilling their hunger
families retire to slumber.

My Perfect Place

Sophia Fowler

If I had a day where no plans were made
I know exactly where I'd be

On the land furthest south
That's where you'll find me

The first dip in the water washes my worries away
The sun darkens my skin and lightens my hair
And as I take the first bite of my lunch
A swarm of seagulls crowd around to get the second

Each sand bank carries a different story
A crab scurries across the first
And as I make my way to the next
My feet scare away a stingray

Maybe I'll build a sand castle

Or maybe I'll skim the waves on the shoreline
Or maybe I'll play a sport with a friend
Anything to keep this day from an end

But now the sky's typical blue is changing to shades of pinks and orange
I walk the shoreline one last time
Finding shells to add to my collection
And get one last look at my perfect place

The Storm

Trinity Langlinais

The lake used to be my favorite place,
trees;
I can hear them whisper calmly,
and the water held the sky like glass.
Now that place that held me tight-reminds me of him.
The fragile night - he came home angry,
the storm rolled in too
lightning split the sky with a fracturing crack,
his voice corresponds.

Rain pounded hard on the windows,
like his fist on the table.
Thunder shook the broken walls,
I run to get him out of my head trying to make it
better, pretending it was just the stormy weather.

The power quits,
the air calms,
the smell of whiskey,
blends with the dead smells of rain,

it no longer could be maintained.

The next broken morning the lake was brown
mud swirled around where blue used to be.
He always returned with a “sorry” and “please”,
but the calm water hides his underneath.

Now when clouds creep together,
there's a sense of fear that leaves me with panic.
I feel that same fear, that same waiting,
for something to break.

The storm always passes,
but it never fails to roll back around.

Friday Nights on the Field

Tyler Osborne

The field wakes up when our cleats touch the field,
Like the earth is breathing under us.
The wind blows the plays in our ears,
Whispering directions before the line rush.

The sun hangs low, watching practice like a quiet coach,
Smearing orange across the sky.
Sweat drips, dirt sticks, but it feels right,
As I throw the ball for a quick fly.

Birds soar across the goal post like they're running routes,
And the trees shake like they're cheering us on.
The clouds look like they're huddling,
Calling the next snap before I run to the end zone.

When the ball spins through the air,
It's like nature watches to see who will catch it.
And when my feet hit the turf,
It feels like the perfect fit.

Friday nights on the field,
The most thrilling place to be,
The field is more than grass and lines,
It becomes a second home for me.

His Footsteps Linger

Victoria Addison Mann

Upon the dusk, I wander through the shade,
Remembering days beneath the oak's crown,
His voice, a whisper in the evening's fade,
A comforting hum that lingers, then breaks down.
We'd chase the wind along the wooded trail,
His hands, weathered, guided every step,
Stories' echoes echoing without fail,
In moments where my heart & time had kept.
The sunlight kissed his silver hair,
As laughter filled the air, so free, so pure,
Recollections sweet, beyond compare,
Of days I wish I could still endure.
In silent nights, I mourn those fleeting times,
Longing for more days beneath his gaze,
Yet grateful for the warmth, the brighter rhymes,

For memories that forever blaze.
His footsteps linger in the fading light,
A shadow woven deep within my soul,
Though years have flown on silent night,
His love remains, makes broken whole.
As midnight whispers through the mournful air,
I cherish all that we have left behind,
His spirit lingers, gentle, sweet, & rare,
A treasured bond no loss could ever bind.

Who is gonna listen?

Zion Smith

I sit outside when the sky is blue
listening to the wind
And the wind listening to me
Talking to god and whoever to listen

The tree, the grass, and the flowers
I wonder do they judge me
Life's so confusing
I bet that's why the sky always changing

Who can I turn to
Besides these four walls
A rose that petals drop whenever
Or the animals that god made
That look at us with confusion

Here I come with heart and arms open
Hoping nature will calm the trouble soul

And the wind will blow harder
Than my anger heart

ELEVENTH GRADE

The Imperial Cycle

Alvin Buckley

Trapped within its environment,
feeling lost in one's self,
the caterpillar goes into hiding for closure,

soon, the butterfly emerges.

Ripples in the sea,
time passing by,
thinking of once was,
you begin to wonder why.
Moving through the dark,
over the canvas of life,
overshadowing the path,
needing directions towards the light.

Whispers in the wind,
The tree stands tall,
Looking across the lake,
Like a mirror on the wall

Awakened by the new season,
The bark starts to shiver,
Leaves begin to drop,
Like light fading from existence

Branches weaken
Like an old man's walk
The tree is in agonizing pain
Feeling trapped within nature's
Domain

Whispers in the wind,
The tree wants to fall.
Looking back on life,
It begins to stand tall.

From wings to roots, the cycle completes.

Rain Showers

Amari Evans

At first you're subtle
Like a whisper in the dark
Others don't seem to care
They see your beauty as stark
But me, on the other hand
I enjoy your rain
You wash away my sorrow, my doubt, my pain
The puddles you create, they all tell a story
Those searching for love

Those seeking glory
But then your rain stops
I crumble and cower
I am only at peace in your rain showers

The Quiet Home

Brianna Crain

I love my home
A home is built of stone and wood
Of windows, doors, and painted walls.
A home is where the heart is understood,
And silent, peaceful comfort calls.
I found my home one day, not there,
But in the green of woods and stream,
Where sunlight through the leaves would share
A long-forgotten, waking dream.
The rough-hewn bark of ancient trees,
A gentle, ever-present hand,
The whispering of the wind-blown breeze,
A language I can understand.
Each breath I take is fresh and clean,
A quiet grace that fills my soul.
I am a part of this wild scene,
And in its wholeness, I am whole.
The birds that sing, the river's flow,
The earth beneath my weary feet,
A truth that only they can know,
A home, so simple and so sweet.
So let the walls and roof remain,
For shelter from the wind and rain,

But know my true and peaceful reign
Is where the wild, untamed remain.

Biloxi Beach

Brookelynn Brewer

On Biloxi beach where waves greet the shore,
Sunlight dances, a golden encore.
Salt kissed breeze whispers tales of the sea,
A place where I feel wild and free.

I love the soft sands that stretch like a warm embrace,
My footprints vanish leaving no trace.

The gulls cry out in the bright blue sky,
As boats drift lazily, passing by.

The pier stands proud, a sentinel old,
Going deep in the water, brave and bold.
Children's laughter, a joyful song,
Echos where hearts and tides belong.
Evening paints the horizon in fire,
A canvas of hues that never tire.
I love Biloxi Beach, where time slows its pace,
A coastal gem, a tranquil place.

Poem of Nature

Brooklyn Barnes

In forests deep where shadows play
The whispers of the leaves convey
A story old as time can tell.
Of Earth and sky and ocean's swell.

The gentle breeze, the morning light.
The stars that sparkle through the night,
In every corner, wild and pure,
Nature's magic will endure.

Pollution is Different

Bryson Foxworth

People don't talk about it.

People should know about it.
People should come together.
Everyone makes it a better place.

Air. It's what we breathe.
Air can be a public health crisis,
causing a wide range of diseases.
Air keeps humans alive.

Water. It's required to live.
Water can hold harmful chemicals,
killing wildlife.
Water can damage ecosystems.

Soil. It's what gives us food.

Soil with pollutants threatens food security,
having health risks.
Soil reduces crop yields with contamination.

Plastic. It's what kills.
Plastic can harm animals,
damaging habitats.
Plastic can impact economic loss.

Let's recycle, reuse, reduce.
Let's use waste disposal.
Let's stop littering.

Let's maintain our cars.
Let's make a difference.

We Seem to Not Notice
Calashia Wofford

In a world filled with filth
You seem to be the only innocence
You share your beauty
Yet we seem to not notice
The flowers blooming
The trees dancing
The birds chirping
We seem to not notice
The flowers decaying
The trees burning
The birds dying
We are the root of destruction

Yet we seem to not notice

Eating the South

Christopher Chen

An upbringing has started.
Tugging on the walls
and tearing down the foundations
of my home.

Bony, deciduous clusters
of purple flowers hang from the
thick, woody stalk of a kudzu.

Creeping

Creeping slowly

Creeping slowly towards a low hanging fruit.

Hairy stem and lobed leaflets
climbing—clinging—to
other shrubs and trees, robbing them
of moisture and smothering their sunlight,
engulfing the surface of every flora,
invading the balance of life,
resisting the attempts to eradicate.

Spreading its roots and breaking the soil,
it encroaches on my home
that is Mississippi.

Camping in the Calm Night

D. J. Caldwell

*On a dark moonlit night
Sitting around the open flames just right
As the stars glistened in the night
Where the cool breeze cooled the air
Juicy Jumbos Hotdogs roasting
Wood softly crackling
Boots in the dust, heart unshown
Laughter flickers with the flame
Each voice different but, all the same
Marshmallows melt in the fire light
Sweet as the calm night fills the moon
We were humming a quiet tune
The crickets keep a gentle beat*

*Nature's rhythm, wild and sweet
And in the night, so warm and neat
Worries fade away and disappear
Stories rise on smoky air
Shared with friends no longer there
Moments like this we cherish
We live a life that shall perish*

Hope Not to Lose Such a Beautiful Thing

Emma Gong

The blow of the wind
and whispering in the trees

Brings a peace that no one sees
Yet underneath a cloak mask
Lies a beautiful waning thing
but it brings life to everything

I wish it would never disappear
For it's the home of many things
And the buzzing buzz of cicadas
And hum of grasshoppers
Brings children to sleep

I watch over the vast distance
Of a tree-covered landscape
And the hawk flying to the horizon
Watching the trees

Most sit around doing nothing for this place
While others try to save it but it's in vain
I watch the peaceful meadow
Grass at my fingertips
I wish this place would never leave
For it is a beautiful thing

Please hope that the wind will still blow the trees
And hope that the grass would be a hundred years past
For all that this is, it's a home for all
Nature you feel is in your bones now

Nature's Gifts

Ja'Laya Kitchens

Morning light spills over fields, the creek hums soft and low.
Trees stand like quiet friends who watch the seasons go.
Birds call out their simple songs; grass moves slow and calm-
Small things make a big world that keeps caring for me and you.

Nature gives us clear cool air, water, food to share
Places to sit and think and open space to care.
It's easy to forget its worth until its faded away-
So it's important to keep it safe and close, every single day

Riding the bike

Joe Adkins

Looking to my right as I see the green flying by,
I can feel the wind as it grazes my friends beside,
Asking myself the question of where do I reside?
Is it through the labyrinth cart paths of which we glide?
Or a long street dimly lit with the shines of moon light.

I'll find who I am in the vast scapes of foggy trees,
It feels like there is someone out there calling for me.
Riding until dawn and the streetlights cast on the lawns,
Or until I hear mother shriek from the great beyond.
We would dash and avoid ditches that bite.

Whether it was the training wheels or tumbling in the grass,
Maybe even the street racing where I was never last.
I always felt comfortable whenever I was at helm.
The streets we would travel through were realms,
Full of beaming hope and out of all lines of sight.

As we grow older and time starts to slip away from us,
I'll always look back in time with feelings of nostalgia,
Looking at old memories and photos filled with laughs,
I'll always remember the good ol' days and drag paths,
And wish I was still that same kid riding the bike.

Possum

K. Moon

It's October but there's sweat on my lips. The grass is sticking to my arms and legs. My hands are cold but they're clammy, rushing me as I stare down the barrel. It feels good— hitting the target. But the stock bruises my shoulder and I'm too aware of the stench in my armpits.

It's May and bugs stick to the windshield like a glue trap. There's a dead possum by the creek, sat up with a cigarette in his teeth and a beer can in his lap.

I think "well that's punk rock"

but my buddy is beside me with his wheels in the mud and says "that's some redneck bullshit." I think— "Look who's talking."

But that's the thing; I think. I never say anything out loud.

Water is running over my ankles and it's nice and cold but there's sand grinding beneath my soles.

I only breathe through my mouth cus there's a foul stench and I know it ain't that possum. So maybe it's me. Well, eventually.

Somewhere sticky and hot and whirring with bugs,

there's me,
rotting and bleeding in the creek.

Everything, Everywhere

Kady Duncan

I walk across the still quiet land
feeling the grass between my toes
I think I feel more than most
gently feeling every breeze
strong enough, it makes my hair sway
but soft enough to make me stay
A tiny lady bug crawls across a rock
A small beetle lies upon some moss
I think I see it all
leaves falling off trees so carelessly
brown and yellow ones especially
Stepping on fallen leaves
So loud they crackle beneath my feet
sounds so vibrant but I dont mind
Its a subtle wonderful tactic of mine
honey suckles on a bush
so sweet makes me blush
I Smell something different every turn
Scents so perfect, makes me mourn
for something I will never have
understanding all around
the bittersweet autumn air
I taste the honey suckles from the bush

All the sweetness seems to gush
I strongly wish I could share
senses I sense
everything, everywhere

Whispers in the Woods

Kahlen Taylor

I walk where sunlight slips through leaves,
soft as whispers that only trees can keep.
The air smells like stories—fresh and green
each page of wind turning something in me.

I find my favorite log, old and smooth,

a throne carved by time and quiet.
Here, the world slows to a heartbeat,
and even my thoughts hush to listen.

The birds become my background music,
their songs fluttering between chapters.
A butterfly lands beside me—
it reads over my shoulder,
pretending to care about the words.

The woods wrap around me like a secret,
and for a while, I'm part of everything—
the moss, the roots, the river's hum,
the way sunlight melts into gold.

When I close my book,
the forest keeps reading—
and I promise to return
for the next story it tells.

A quick one before the storm

Kamdyn Patrick

Thick dark clouds rolling in through blue sky
The rush of hot air and water droplets against cheeks
It's a bright day, white clouds that hurt to look at
The rustling of leaves on the grass a sign that it's coming
The wind picks up all in its path and shakes
The tops of trees start to dance,
Writhing against the rapidly darkening sky

It can start slow and light or fast,
Heavy clouds finally letting down fat rain drops
The land fills like cupped hands,
Some trickling down into the earth
The plants and worms basking in it,
The frogs croaking of their gratitude
The night will pass with rain hitting roofs,
A lullaby for the tired souls beneath it

Beneath the Sun

Kara Best

Beneath the sun is where we stay,
there the world feels so far away.

The sun begins setting across the field
and he and I sit waiting for the light to yield.
The sky is filled with pinks and blues,
There we will sit listening to sweet tunes.

Beneath the sun we giggle and laugh.
The sky's contrast begins to fade, at last.
The shades become darker, we become quieter,
watching the stars appear from the vast.

Beneath the moon, the air turns cold.
Crickets begin to sing, he and I return home.
He drops me off with a smile on his face.
Us both knowing, beneath the sun is where we will stay.

Daisy

Kenna Groves

Oh, Daisy, must you wilt away?
I can't recall your early days,
before the start of the decay,
before your leaves turned to gray,
before the wrinkles came your way.

Your stem has grown weaker;
when you attempt to stand,
it begins to wobble and teeter
in my shaking hand.
Your vibrant color is meeker,

your petals are dull and bland.
Oh, Daisy, you used to be grand.

When you go the way you came,
when you fly high and away,
who will I be able to blame?
Who will keep me sane?

Oh, Daisy, must you wilt away?

Dancing in the Aura

Kirian Rogers

The palms are dancing with the breeze.
The sun is bright, the air is sweet,
The island is a thought in my head.
After dark, its stars are clear,
The sea is singing a simple song.
The island is like a mild friend.
The daylight comes with a glow,
And it decorates the beach with colors slow.
The seagulls are waking, calling close,
A silent song the soul can listen to.
The island breaths in serene style,
An everwarming, loving place

A Father & Three Sons

Kirkland Jones

A father with his three sons
When the week's work is done
Load up in his truck
And set out in the early morning's sun

A mentor and his protégés
What strong, earthly smell fills our airways
Energizes our run through the pasture
Expands our desire for something to capture

A teacher and his students

Cast out their rods
What a test of patience
As the teacher constantly nods
As we watch and wait
Ensure something will latch on to our bait

A captain and his crew
His goal to teach something new
How maybe not to tangle our lines
And disrupt our own lives
Or how to handle worms in a can
And become a nice gentleman

A father with his three sons
What trophy has been won
Not for a catfish or bass

But for the lessons that won't pass
And every memory that will last

There's a spot behind my grandmother's house

Lakeria Carouthers

Where the woods open just enough
For sunlight to spill through like warm water.
The ground is soft with old leaves,
And every step makes a sound
That somehow feels like home.

When the wing moves, the pine trees lean in,
Whispering the same way they did
When I was little I believed they were alive.
Maybe they are because they always seem to know
When I need quiet more than anything else.

I sit on the fallen log by the creek,
Watching the water slide around rocks
Like it's in no hurry to prove anything really.
The air somehow smells like rain even when it's clear,
And for a few minutes
I forget every loud thing in the world.

Nothing big happens there
No mountains, no oceans,
Just a hidden place that really waits for me,
Steady and patiently waiting
As if the forest remembers my name

Even when I forget who I'm trying to be.

This Is Not Home

Layla Nicholson

I have this place I go
Yet, why I go, I never know

This place I do not like
It leads me wrong day and night
I walk into the light and yet it is never bright
This place I do not like, it is never right

There are people, a couple or a few

They think they know me, if only they knew
They do not know, not in the slightest
They do not know the state in which my mind is

This place I speak of
May seem like somewhere rare
This place is not unusual
But it can be quite cruel

This place I do not like
This place has a name
This place is called home
But they never bring peace,
they never leave me alone

Calming the Storm

Madelene Vo

Anger flows through me
All day and all night my emotions are there
I have not a single piece of happiness inside to spare
Nothing seems to help me, not yet
A path opens up that I've never seen before
Green, Green, Green
As I walk through, I feel my body start to empty
Emptiness has never felt so freeing
I've found my new spot where I'll wonder
I slowly start to fill up again
Red replaces with pink
Calm has entered me

Sugar Maple Trees

Mariam Lynch

Sugar maple trees, you shine so bright,

Golden leaves in autumn light.

Sugar maple trees, so strong, so tall,

Your beauty whispers through the fall.

Sugar maple trees, I stand in awe,

At every color that I saw.

Shasta Daisy in me

Marlie Sanders

So pure, so white, symbol of the perfect life
Gleaming, glowing in the sunlight
I'm wishing and hoping for a bouquet
And basking in the sight,
of a snow white array.

But the reality of life is heavy strife.
Gloomy, moody flowers never growing right
Swaying in a wind of grey
Filled with fright,
for everything except the month of May.

Safety

Nick Scott

It's hunting season
deer prepared to be stuffed
the mantel holding their heads

But there is a day
where no one is around
to bother the earth

No one except a boy
a boy and his brother
maybe a few adults in a cabin

Nothing matters but the brothers
and the sticks on the ground
that could be anything they wanted

There is a moment
where nothing matters
and imagination runs the day

One builds a fort
his hair blends with bark
focus in his autumn eyes

As for the other
he is a wizard
and his heart shines pure

Sweet boys want freedom
to run free like the deer
climb like squirrels

The wizard tucks
into the builder's home
a stew of pond water and rocks served

Giggles are passed between
at the tickle of ladybugs passing
over bruised and scraped knees

There is a day
where no one is around
to bother anything

Camaraderie shines between a pair
out in crinkling leaves
creating a sense of safety

A Beautiful View
Peyton Havelin

I sat on a cliffside
I watched as the waves crashed against the rocks below
As the sun began to set upon my brightest day
This view is beautiful.

Seagulls flew above my head, heading home
I wanted to go home
I sat on a cliffside
Watching as the wind blew
As the trees to my side waved with
This view is beautiful.
The rocks below lay untouched
I wanted to join them
I stood on a cliffside
So close to the edge
And I thought.
I thought about the view
The seagulls, the rocks, and the waves
I was already with them
This view is beautiful
I walked away from the cliffside

I walked away and stared
Stared at the view
The beautiful, beautiful view

A Heart Within the Trees

Rainey Hamilton

As late as day may get, the beauty of the stars is a beauty you never forget. Fierce eyes of the creatures roam around, but you get scared maybe even teased; Wispy winded days are carried in love by thy family, which are the flowers and trees.

Only one thing will fall during this beautiful night, which that be the leaves.

The water you catch drags across your bare hands like a ship that is below the surface, If only you could turn into the rain which hits you with a sense of purpose. Even mud can have beauty while the most poisonous creatures can be filled with love and vibrance, it is hard to speak badly and with violence towards something so beautiful... so you simply stay silent.

I could go on all day about how I was blessed with another waking moment to breathe in the air in which keeps my lungs from bursting. The Earth will bless us with bountiful water when we have a sensation of thirst.

You're livid, depressed, maybe even numb but the peace that you collect from within the heart of the earth will make everything worth millions and even another small sum.

The Best Backyard

Robin Russell

Our smiles shine as the days are fine
The sun baking the black trampoline fibers

My sister and I lay after a long day of play
Looking down through the mesh as
our cheeks brush the burning black fabric
The sand below has covered the grass like snow
It escaped from its prison shaped like a turtle
Bikes lean against the fence as they sense
Their use is no longer needed
Sitting in the trees were ladybugs moving with ease
There were fig trees my grandmother treasured
When ripe she would preserve the sugary sweet bribe
An old doghouse which used to be my friends' home
Is now out of sight and all alone
And the childlike wonder nature brought
Gone too.

The Dead Thicket

Rosalie Bell

How hardly can someone walk,
To a spot that snarls and yips

These trees bend under the pressure,
It only kills me just a small, little bit

Something triggers the godly silence,
As I approach her binding carefully
It never truly occurred to me,
That I would cry in this wood so mutedly

I hate how the lifeless flow,
Edges the leaves upon a branch
This eternal grave hollows my soul,
Nothing will ever end this stanch

My eyes burn from staring too tight,
There is my dearest friend underneath
This is why the thicket I hate,
Lying dead and rotten in a sheath

Poem about Nature

Ryleigh Brasher

Beneath the sky so vast and blue
The earth wakes fresh with silent grace
River run, a soft embrace

Birds sing songs from tree to tree,
A dance of life, wild and free.
In every leaf and breeze that blows
Nature's wonder gently grows

Insignificant

Sophia Irene Doyle

There's a leaf on that tree.
It's crinkly with a pale orange hue and it's hanging on so tight
but it's been such a long time since it was fresh and new
And anyone could tell it's bound to fall soon.
But it is insignificant

Actually there's a lot of leaves on that tree.
Most balancing on the edge of green while others have burnt to red
and the few that have fallen dead to the ground
form a brown bed of decay.
But they are insignificant

Actually this brown doesn't blanket the ground
rather it seeps down and blends with dirt and stone
from which these little sprouts have grown
and they go unnoticed up to the sky with fresh green leaves held high.
But that is insignificant.

Actually everywhere I look there things are taking place
Waiting for a breeze to blow them away
or an early frost to forever freeze their upward race
and it's all so strangely interlaced.
But each piece is so insignificant.

The leaf
and the tree
and the idea of a breeze
and fresh green leaves
and you
and me,
yes we,
are so insignificantly magnificent.
That seems significant.

A Love Poem to my Beloved Xihmai: Xi Di Jamädi ha Di Mä'i
Stephany Becerril

Overview: On Christmas eve of last year, I walked through the land of La Sabanilla, Guanajuato, where my parents were raised. My grandfather, uncle, father, cousin, and I walked through the land, maguey to maguey, in search of pulque. This experience prompted me to write about my adoration and appreciation for the nature that brings me serenity. Queretaro city is twenty minutes away from La Sabanilla. A large, but underrepresented, group of indigenous people exist there; they are Otomi. The poem includes words from the Hñähñú dialect and explores themes of love, belonging, and bonding through nature. Please note that there are various otomi dialects in different regions of Mexico. For example, the Otomi of Amealco speak Hñähñö– dialecto bajo del noroeste. The Otomi of Toliman speak Hñöhñö– dialecto del noroeste. Hñähñú is a dialect spoken in el valle mezquital. Though Queretaro is in the region del noroeste, where the dialects Hñohño/Ñuhhú/Ñänhú are spoken, I chose Hñähñú, because I had more access to sources of this dialect. It is very important to recognize that each indigenous group of Mexico has their own traditions, beliefs, clothes, languages, and dialects that all contain deep historical and cultural significance. Even within these groups, characteristics also vary on the pueblo. I wanted to learn more about this beautiful community and bring recognition to these wonderful people.

Most cherished, Xihmai:

Ma zi dämui ri meti nehe; dí ne ga buhui kon nu'i.

Ndähi, oh, Ndähi.

How I love your gentle hands and how they run their fingers through my hair
as you whisper sweet messages into my ear with care

Hyadi, oh, Hyadi.

How I love your morning kisses,
the warmth of your body on mine

Xa, oh, Xa.

How I love your wisdom and maturity,
and how you still act silly with me as we dance together in amity

T'ëi, oh, T'ëi.

How I love your golden locks,

I feel the bond of girlhood as I twist and braid

Xihmai, you are full of so much love and beauty; it blossoms through every form you take

I spend every waking moment in search of you, yearning for a connection with you

I admire your free nature; I see the peace that follows

Society fails to understand, letting fear construct limitations and demolish harmony,
but you'll always exist as you are

You will always be here, accepting me with open arms

I am ready to embrace you if you'll let me

Sometimes I feel as if I don't belong here, as if I am a foreign particle that just happened to land here

I feel a separation between me and this place

But as I look around, I see how you are imprinted into me,

because it is not true that I exist as one thing far from you

You must feel me too

Just as you are a part of me, I am a part of you

Ma Xihmai, nzäntho gi bukua ha ma dämui

Forever yours,

An avid admirer

Dictionary : Hñähñú - English/Spanish/Hñohño

Xihmai - world/mundo/ximhai
Xi di jamädi - thank you so much/muchisimas gracias
Ha - and/y/ne
Di mä'i - I love you/te amo/te quiero
Ma - my/mi
Ma zi dämui ri meti nehe - my heart is yours/mi corazon es tuyo
Dí ne ga buhui kon nu'i - I want to be with you/quiero estar contigo
Nzäntho gi bukua ha ma dämui - you'll always be in my heart/siempre estaras en mi corazon
Ndähi - wind/viento/ndöhi
Hyadi - sun/sol/hyadi
Xa - tree/arbol
T'ëi - grass/pasto

The Willow Tree

Taleiah Kendricks

As night descends, I roam my empty halls
In bed I lay as rain whispers on the walls.
A haunting rhythm comes within
Each drop a memory of sin.

I closed my eyes and sought for light,
Suddenly petals lay near my sight.

I wake to forests washed in green,
Where many may go and many have been.
The storm strikes down with thunder's sin,
as if Zeus strikes upon some weighted tin.

I heard a voice saying my name
A willow tree is too blame
"To live anew, let go of you. One graze to frame. One gash to claim."
Its branches sway, its voice so old, its emerald eyes sparkle like gold.

For years I've worn a heavy heart,
unsure of where my joys might start.
The willow murmurs low and true:
"Begin again—become what's new."

This cannot be the life for me
I'm supposed to live my happy life you see

And if you were me,
you might understand
how heavy the journey of dread can make you feel half dead.
how deeply a soul can long to hurt while waiting for a new birth.

What you may think is hard to see—
the things that shaped and hollowed me.
But if you walked this path I knew,
you'd seek rebirth and healing too
For I am sad, so I must go to live my happy life with the willow I suppose.

The Jellyfish Sting

Tamara Garcia

I splash into the ocean's blue
The waves so fresh, the sky so true
A drifting glow, a shape so near
A jellyfish, both strange and clear

It moves like silk upon the tide
A quiet dancer, soft and wide
I reach too close, the water sings
A sudden sting, a sharp surprise it brings
The ocean teaches wild and fast

Its beauty stings but moments last
A mark of wonder bright and small
The sea reminder
Respect it all

Bird Watched

Thea Cates-Foster

You land before I see you
a soft thud of weight on the sill
outside my window,
the same time every day
as if we made an agreement
neither of us remember singing.

I pull the blinds,
and there you are,
a speck of warmth,
breast rising like a slow tide,
feathers ruffled from the long night.

You blink at me, unafraid.
I feel the moment flow open.

Some days you sing,
a thin line of sound
that threads through my chest
and pulls something loose in me
a knot I didn't know I kept.

Other days you're quiet,
just a presence
settled into the morning air,
and that feels like enough,
to be witnessed
without asking for anything else.

I don't pretend you come for me,
but when you tilt your head
against my window

I let myself imagine
you notice the way I linger,
hands still, breath held,
as if watching you is a prayer
I've forgotten the words to.

When you leave
the air sways,
knowing your body was there
and I stay looking
at the empty space,
already waiting
for tomorrow's touch of wings.

Where My Momma Bloomed the World

Tre'vuan Vance

The most beautiful place I've ever been
Was not a mountain or a shore,
But the place where my momma's love began
A garden deep within her core.
Her voice was wind through summer trees,
Her hands, the roots that held me tight,
Her breath, the calm of ocean seas,
Her heart, a lantern made of light.

She gave birth like sunrise spills the day,
Soft thunder rolling through her veins;
Her tears watered the Earth that way
Each drop is a blessing, not in vain.
Her pain became the soil of grace,

Her joy the bloom that colored air;
And when I opened my eyes to her face,
I swear, heaven itself was there.

So if you ask where beauty starts,
Where nature's greatest wonders grow
It's in my momma's sacred heart,
Where every wild river flows.

Whispers of the Earth

William Treadaway

Beneath the sky's eternal dome,
The wind invites the heart to roam.

A river hums its river song.
Through valley greens it winds along.
The sun awakens walls of gold
as morning breaths hums soft and bold.
The forest hums a secret tune.
Beneath the watch of the silver moon.
Each leaf a poem, each breeze a rhyme.
Seasons dance in ancient time.
Mountains whisper low and deep
Guiding you to sleep.
Guarding dreams the stars still keep.
Rain taps gently soft and clear
a lullaby for all to hear.
The oceans pulse the thunder cries
the language written in the sky.
Flowers bloom, then fade away
Yet beauty never goes.
In every birth, in every fall
the earth holds and heals us all.
So pause to breathe in the forest grace.
Let sunlight warm your weary face
for in this world wild and true.
Nature whispers "I'm part of you"
and you, of her, in all you do.

Wildfire

Zamon Perry

If I wrote my feelings on a piece of paper, would it reach deep enough like the crust of the earth
I look up at the stars, questioning my worth
Am I like a shiny diamond or just a speck of dirt

All these waves of emotion hit my body, and they hurt
I kept it bottled up inside
Until it bursts
Bursts like a wildfire spreading around
Until everyone feels my hurt
The smoke pollutes the air
Burning with every breath
Each one worse than the last
Only if someone would listen
This hurt would pass
The hurt will be released
And the hurt wouldn't burst
And the fire will cease
After talking about the feeling
I feel this overwhelming peace

The sun is shining
The birds are chirping
And the grass is very green
The air is clean and clear

And I can finally breathe
I look around and feel like I'm in a dream
The Earth is beautiful

TWELFTH GRADE

The Sounds of Nature

Alex Bolton

From nature to sounds-
buzz, buzz, buzz,
chirp, chirp, chirp.

The echoes of different species in the environment.
The trees under my head fade,
shade for rest, while exploring the tree tops when they look down at me.

While I count the leaves, as they hit the water,
while I cast my fishing line, dancing in the wind.

It's such a lovely day.

Honeysuckle

Althea Wells

Our little hands are
gentler than they've ever been,
plucking sweet, white gold
from just beyond the fences.
We are together
before the world tells us that
there's more than the green.
Little hands out for recess
revel in petals,
and guide nectar to tooth gaps
between dulcet smiles.
Did you notice the vines grow
and your skin toughen,

when the world ripped the petals
from your little hands?
Nectar attracted the flies
and you welcomed them.
They stitched your eyebrows tightly
and taught you to jeer
at black stripes on honeybees.
To swat at sweetness

Whispers of Petalled Grace

Annalyse Patterson

In meadow's heart, where sunlight pours,
A tale whispers in floral scores.
Each petal spins a vibrant thread,
A tapestry where dreams are spread.

The rose, a blush of dawn's embrace,
Intricate in velvet grace,
As lilies dance in purest light,
The soft light of twilight.

Beneath the sky's vast endless dome,
Nature writes her fragile poem

The Early Mornings

Aubrey Stubbs

Early in the morning
Walking through the woods and fields
Smelling cedar trees, seeing wildflowers
Hearing birds chirping, wind blowing
Leaves moving with the wind
Oh, all the sounds, God's Creation
All by God. So peaceful and beautiful
Colors of the trees, red, yellow, green, orange, brown
Early in the morning
Fresh outside smell, wondering why it smells so good.
Walking through the woods, and fields, leaving crunching
Under my feet as I walk.
Fog coming off the lake water, grass wet
Getting to the spot I am hunting

Sitting against a tree as I hear more birds getting up and chirping

Early in the morning
Sun starts to come up
Deer start to come out
Sitting there just waiting watching God's Creations
His beauty that he lets us see
It's chilly but it is the best place to see God.
Better than church
Early in the mornings

What I wish for

Austin Byrd

The birds are chirping
And the leaves are falling
The trees are swaying
We are running
Leaves are crushing
Twigs are snapping
The laughter is echoing
The birds are flying away
The wind carries the smell of flowers
The clouds move slow
The sun sets fast
The day is never long enough
The morning is rough
The day is fun
The blue sky is covered by the tall trees
The wind gets cooler
The day gets shorter
The night gets longer
But nature still looks beautiful

And the snow starts falling
The day is never long enough
Just one more sweet autumn day
That is what I wish for

Swamp Feelings

Camden Lathan

The swamp near my house
is a place I both love and hate.

I love the tall trees
standing in the water,

and the dragonflies flashing blue and green
as they zip past my face.

The air smells wild and earthy,
and sometimes I just stop and listen
frogs croaking, water shifting,

The world is moving slowly for once.

But the swamp can be rough too.

Mud pulls at my shoes,
mosquitoes hunt me down,
and the shadows make me feel
like something is watching.

Even with all that, I keep going back.

Something about the swamp feels real,

like it knows me

the good and the bad

and still lets me come home

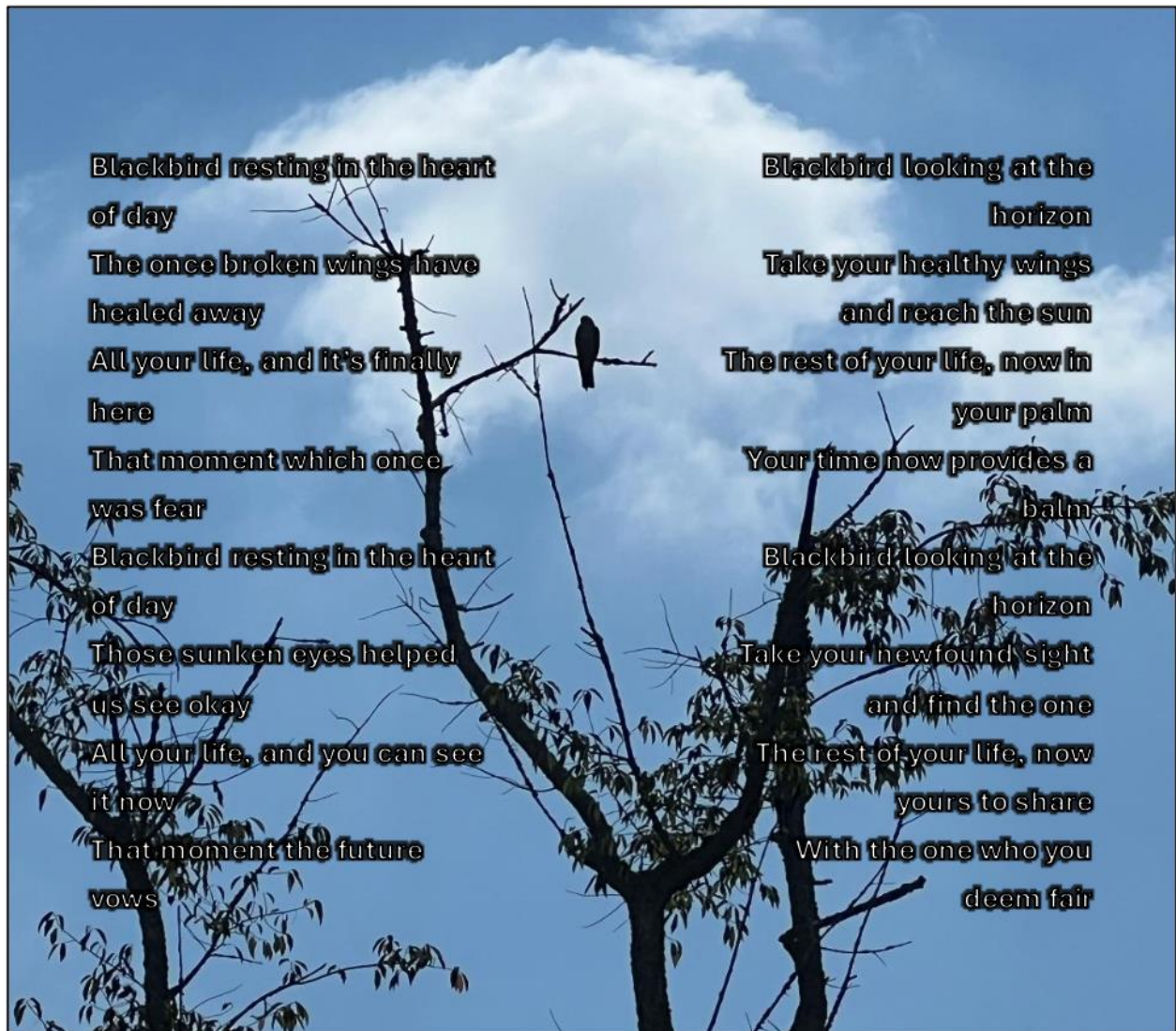
Blackbird Resting in the Heart of Day

Cameron Woods

Blackbird resting in the heart of day
The once broken wings have healed away
All your life, and it's finally here
That moment which once was fear
Blackbird resting in the heart of day
Those sunken eyes helped us see okay
All your life, and you can see it now
That moment the future vows

Blackbird looking at the horizon
Take your healthy wings and reach the sun

The rest of your life, now in your palm
Your time now provides a balm
Blackbird looking at the horizon
Take your newfound sight and find the one
The rest of your life, now yours to share
With the one who you deem fair.



Roses of Mississippi

Cloie Louge

Where summer hums through ancient trees,
The roses wake in gentle light,
And paint the South in red and white.

The Cherokee rose, wild and bright,
Unfurls her stars of ivory light;
A climbing ghost of history's miles,
She softens roads with Southern smiles.

The Knock Out roses, tough and true,
Blush boldly in their crimson hue;
They brave the heat, the summer rain,
And bloom, and bloom, and bloom again.
The tea roses, in sunset gold,
Glow warm as stories elders told;
They gather dew like morning grace
And scent the air with a soft embrace.
The pink climbing roses, sweet and slow,
Trail fences where the kudzu grows;
They weave through fields, through porcheside beams,
Like threads stitched into Delta dreams.
In Mississippi's heavy air,
Each rose finds room to flourish there—
A tapestry of bloom and thorn,
Where Southern days and nights are born.

A Lesson Under the Persimmon Tree
Colin Chung

Who was I to tug your branches,
To rip your yolk-yellow fruit
And plop between my jaws

Because you taught me swiftly,
With flesh bitter as my faults
And dryness so thick on my tongue

That all I could do was spit it out,
Saliva over fall's first leaves
And your mangled lesson.

But time ripened my mind,
Collapsed the bitter fibers
And made sugar from them,

So now I wait,
Until frost drops your leaves
And makes jelly of your fruit,

Until they are loose to the touch,

Rolling into my hands and to my mouth,
And I know nothing is sweeter.

A Morning Call

Elayjah Earles

We call upon the morning birds,
With our night gowns and
Empty morning conversations.
We watch them capture worms from the wet dirt
To take it back to a wailing brood.

We call upon a trail of ants,
With our nectar tea and candied plums.
We break off a supple piece.
For them to present to a crowded colony,
To a mighty queen.

We call upon the earthly centipedes,
With our puffy eyes and good morning kisses.
They crawl beside our feet
Like the earth's old, dusty bones,
And catch the beaming sun.

We call upon the neighborhood strays,
With our simple coos and smiling lines.
We pat our laps and let them lie,
To relax their muscles
Before a long walk to the pound.

We call upon the creatures of day,

The middle, restless class of mother nature,

The morning shift of the great green earth.

Unable to Label

Ephraim Pannell

To recall is to label, for me at least.
My memory is potent, too much at that.
I can create living images that dance in its streets,
My mind never transfixing for more than mere minutes.
From the mind to the tongue, a double-edged sword
That cuts deep, deep into my heart;

For the abundance of the heart is what guides the weapon.
Take heed, for I may wound you as often as I wound myself.
Take a book, its leather binding an anchor to the waves,

with pages forming chains of thought. The deepest leagues
Of my soul feel neither as long nor as heavy,
Though the storm rages in this fragile skull of mine.
Slow your roll, they say, then increase it yet again; for no
Life is a steady pace that wishes to be full and free.
To hear the words that spill from my lips,
Steaming like hot broth in the silence and churning restlessly
In the turmoil, is to ponder; not questions, but their answers.
Those who attempt to ask questions they do not want answered,
They shall not have their way with me. The inquisitive mind
Is what I have, though for that reason I am not certain if I do.

Croaking Birds

Ethan Lenox

The tall grass grew green
And the birds sang at dawn
All which went unseen
Ignored till it was gone

Now the grass is dead
And the birds cheer at night
Fleeing to their bed
Leaving behind their fright

For the worms are few
And the waters are thick
Birds stuck drinking dew
Trying to feed their chick

Yet the frogs are fine
Devouring their spoils
While the birds decline
Stricken by their turmoils

So the birds seek aid
But the frogs hide away
The birds have been played
Starving till they decay

Now fear coats the night
With the worries it reaps
A chick lost to spite
While the mother bird weeps

So the frogs all joke
Full of food in their den
While the birds all croak
Never to sing again

Still Trying

Faniyah Smith

I'm only sixteen,
Tryna get closer to God
But It feel like everytime I take a
Step forward
The world pulls me two steps back.
I pray, I talk to him,
I say I'm done with the old me...
Then the music, the people the
Fun I don't wanna let go of
Come knocking at my door again.
Part of me wanna live holy,
Part of me still wants to live worldly.
And It eats me up inside
Cause I know better,
But I don't always do better.
Sometimes I cry, asking God
"Why do I keep sinning."

And all I hear back is
"I'm still here. I still love you."
So yeah... I'm struggling.
But I'm not giving up.
Cause even If I fall a hundred times,
He's still the only one who can catch me.

Untitled

Greyer Holt

The quiet and dejected night
The moon stands tall and shines bright
An anguished owl cries out loud
Meanwhile the stars beam down

The contemptuous crazy hunter
Causes the wild animals to scatter
The deformity of the stars leaving shapes in the sky
That configure the night like glass that shattered
The conflict between animals and hunters causes fear for animals

Which is why they lay and wallow and the hunter will hear and follow

My Weeping Willow

Halie Bramlett

In the darkest of forests, I find the most peace.
The stress lives on my face, causing an obnoxious crease.

My dearest weeping willow, I will cry with you today.
This misty grey fog nips at my face,
but it could never cause any dismay.

Hold me tightly- wrap your evergreen arms around me,
for you are not just a tree.

We will get through this, try to give the morning a chance.
We sway along with this chilly wind—
what a sorrowful dance.

My weeping willow cries with me today, though she never bends.
For you to create such a safe veil,
I must say, you are truly a sorrowful friend.

Come close, my weeping willow, cry with me today
I sob for her relentlessly, as her hollowed leaves decayed.

She is withering off—what am I to do?
I will wait through the frigid weather for her next bloom.

Cry with me, my weeping willow, for we only have today.
I'll long for you tomorrow,
as I will the coming melancholy May.

The Forest

Harley Burnworth

Late at night, the forest sighs,
a place of deformity, where shadows dance in mournful
glee, a dejected sun, its light subdued,
Reflects the heart's dark solitude.

A twisted moon, a misalliance of earth
and sky, its branches clawing, as the cold winds cry, its branches clawing, as the cold
Winds cry. The wind whispers of anguish deep, as the weary earth begins to weep.

As the roots wallowed in the soil's embrace,

A self-pitying, desolate space. The world
looks on, contemptuous and cold, a story
Of nature, never foretold.

Natchez Trace

Hunter Gadd

Along the winding Natchez Trace I roam
Where birch and oak trees whisper secrets to the sky
Small shrubby carpets the forest floor
Beetles scuttle quietly nearby.

Deer leap through shadows
Wolves prowl unseen
Owls hoot softly in the velvet night
Greenery glows beneath the golden sun
Then fades to black when day gives way to night.

Mountains rise like ancient
Silent guards
Forests stretch deep
Mysterious sounds loom

Tireless trees fall silent
Creaking-Croaking-Comforting
Amongst the winding trail where I roam
Dangerous-Dreadful-Drowsy

For this forest blooms and blossoms along this life
Beautiful-Gorgeous-Stunning
Sitting quietly I listen
The forest sings as it cries.

Dyer's Polypore: a haiku

Jake Watson

Below the pine tree
A saprobic mushroom saps
Passively eating

Where My Heart Flows

Jocelyn Davidson

I love to be at the river
where water tumbles over smooth stones,

catching sunlight
like scattered silver threads.

The current hums a quiet song
and every ripple
brings peace to my restless mind.

I sink my hands into the cool flow,
watching minnows dart like sparks of life,
dragonflies shimmer,
their wings a thousand tiny rainbows.

The scent of damp earth,
wildflowers,
and water
it fills me
and I breathe in calm,
slowly, completely.

Here, the world slows.
Leaves rustle in the wind,
a heron calls from above,
frogs croak hidden in reeds.

Every sound
a gentle invitation:
stay, breathe, be.

I remember laughing here with my family,
throwing pebbles
and watching them vanish into the river's song.

And I remember coming alone,
heavy with worry,
and letting the water carry it away—
each thought drifting
like a leaf,
vanishing downstream,
leaving only quiet.

I imagine the river at sunrise—
pink and gold spilling across its surface,
and at night, the moon's silver
folding the water into magic.

If I had a wish,
it would be to protect this river,
to keep its voice forever
so anyone who comes here

can feel the same peace.

The river is more than water and stones.
It is calm.
It is memory.
It is hope.

It is the place where my thoughts run free,
where my heart learns to breathe again,
where I am reminded—
the world is vast,
wild,
beautiful,
and I belong.

Human Nature

John Colton Purser

People tend to feel some kind of deformity,
Like something about them is wrong.
They can feel dejected on the inside,
While on the outside they may seem strong.
Life can feel like a misalliance,
With little hope and full sadness.
While others gleam with joy and pride,
Seeming to not know this anguish.

While they wallow in their sadness,
Thinking no one has a clue.
While they wonder the reason why no one else feels this too.
While they grow contemptuous and lose their self-value,
Everyone experiences this, and that they never knew.

Beach Life

Jordan Giles

Purple and pink hues dance across the Gulf of Mexico,
Reflecting the sky in a vibrant, sun-bleached color
Along the shoreline where palm trees sing,

A light blue jellyfish, a delicate, washed-up sight
Lies harmlessly yet potent in the fading light
You know not to touch, for its stingers cause harm,
A lesson from nature, in the sand's quiet realm

Crabs scuttle by, a fleeting, scurrying crew,
Leaving hidden sand holes, so much to be amused
Away from the beach, at the Gulf Breeze Zoo,
A curious chase by free-roaming chickens is what happened to you.

So much history untold, different colored homes,
A testament to habitat for humanity, where new life roams.
No coconuts fall from the palms here, a northern Florida truth,
Endless horizons of blue, a different sort of coastal proof.

In the distance, you see a variety of luxuries,
Parasailing, kite flying, and flyboarding for your activity.
The sunset, and the city fills your soul with awe.

In Pensacola's beauty, a memorable story is told,
A story of purple and pink hues dance across the Gulf of Mexico.

A Place I Call Home

Joshua Brown

Behind my grandmother's house
There is a quiet field that feels like a deep breath.
The wind wraps around me gently
and the sunlight touches my face
as if it wants to comfort me.

The old oak tree stands waiting
its strong branches holding my worries
until my heartbeat slows again.

I come here when life feels heavy.
The air is full of warm memories
summer laughter, muddy shoes
My grandmother called me home.

Even when I cry
the earth does not push me away.
It takes my tears
and gives me back the soft voice of the creek
reminding me that I can keep going.

If I had one wish

I would ask this place to stay just as it is

a quiet corner of peace

where I can always return
to feel whole again.

Like a Dragonfly

Kierstyn Warner

A quick buzz and a warm breeze
blow through the air.
Calling on me in a way.
Days are beginning to move
expeditiously, and growing up isn't too
far away. Almost like a clock ticking with
gears that turn too quickly. The
hot sun burns onto my back and
I watch the insects fly.
Jittery wings and vibrant colors,
keep me sane even if I
lose my youth as fast as a
moving dragonfly.
Never a still moment.
Our seconds seem to speed
pattering like the wings that
quickly move. There's this growing
realization that I've been young forever. It's
scary and it takes me by surprise that one day
this life won't be the same and I'm
unable to run from this
vicious cycle of life. Aimlessly
wandering to find a solution. The
xenomorphic dragonfly makes me
yearn for time to slow down. The
zipping of colors is only there for so long.

Trees

Kristin Ann Walden

Trees Trees Trees
To you and I
Trees are paper we write on
To you and I

Trees are lumber we build with
To you and I
Trees are history
To you and I

Trees are what cleans the air
 To you and I
Trees are trees
But trees are more than that
 They are more to animals
To animals
 Trees are homes
To animals
 Trees are their sanctuary
 To animals
 Trees have history within
To animals
 Trees are their protectors
To animals
 Trees are their everything.

The Season in the Sky

Max Todd

Autumn's the season that lives in the sky,
Leaves and clouds and things that fly.

A sulfur butterfly is the earliest sign,
Fluttering south for a sunnier clime.

Elm tree drops a jagged leaf,
Scrapes across the porch; its flight so brief.

Leaves color and break and take to the sky,
A mad frenzied flight before they die.

Call of the geese cuts the quiet.
A golden moon rules the night.

Wind tears the clouds into papery shreds.
It rocks the squirrels in leafy beds.

Smoke from bonfires stinging the eyes,
Fall's incense and spark, upward they fly.

A white sticky web high in the trees
Flutters and bellies in the morning breeze.

Pumpkins and peanuts and frost on the ground,
But look to the sky where the season is found.

A burning bronze sunset, an owl's mournful cry,

Autumn's the season that lives in the sky.

Roses

Nakhole Marshall

From the rose bud I bloomed
Adored and loved by all
Used for many things
From my beauty to my scent
But never my thorns
That part of me
That imperfection
That flaw
Many flowers have flaws
From stinkiness to ugliness
And yet that's what they're most known for
So why
Why are my flaws considered imperfect
Why must I have mine taken and disregarded
Why must I be this perfect flower
Why must I be shaped for others' desires
Aren't I enough?

Pass Christian

Nikolas Piernas

The Gulf hums low before the storm,
a hymn the shoreline seems to know.
Windows boarded, candles lit
faith steady where the waters flow.
Still, someone says, "We'll make it through"
because even fear needs something true.

Love here wears salt upon its skin-
it's loss and light, and kin of kin
It's "We've rebuilt once, we'll do it again,"
the voice of saints and working men.
The men may tear, the tides may claim,
but hearts in Pass still speak the same.

The storm rolls in with Holy fire,
testing what won't break or tire.
Porches gone, but laughter says,
Ghosts of music in the bay.

Desperation fades to grace,
and hope returns to take its place.

Then Sunlight spills on streets reborn
a city mended, weather worn.
Brick by brick, we find our way-
faith and love- the price we pay.
For no storm can drown what's in our hand,
The soul of Pass Christian.

Forest Paper Trails
Olivia Duckworth

Paper trails winding
Forest leaves flutter strong
Stories told forever

Children run along
Hearts a flutter, winds howling
Ink trails following

Tell a story old
Seeking one to always hear
Play pretend for me

Two paths become none
Roads split with children lost
One gone forever

Paper drowns in earth
Ink drowns the children now lost
Stories told of blight

Come tell the story
One child gone, no longer known
Ink stains the forest

Forest paper trails
Guiding one and killing one
Stories left never told

A Walk with God
Samantha Bond

Day begins with the sun cutting through the clouds.

I pray to you, my position bowed.
Stepping out and lingering in the morning,
The birds singing, the tune adoring.

I can hear your whispers in the wind
Guiding your lost sheep, Your hand to lend
Evidence of your glory in the trees
A northern mockingbird soaring with the breeze

The smell of roses overwhelming my senses.
Bushes full of them in a plethora of reds, resting by nearby fences
I once thought the feeling of love to be sour grapes;
Undoubtedly, You have uncovered my eyes and Your love is forming shapes.

The sight of seeds sprouting from the earth,
Signifying a start of something worth.
Although I continue to fall,
You have the power to forgive and Your commands are above all.

Hours I have spent admiring the land,
Though it is nothing compared to what You have planned.
A single blade of grass bends,
Nightfall comes and the day ends.

Nature's Religion

Sasha Harvey

Oh how I long
to thrive off the spoken word—
the harmonies of stuttered breaths,
cadence of speech,
and murmured prayers in alcoves.

When I sit in the pew,
back straight and hands on bible,
their conviction is not mine.

I finally resonate with their faith
with a breeze caressing my spine,
crescents of tree bark jammed in fingernails,
light playing across wind-kissed cheeks,
and chills of awe skidding into skin.

I pray with hands coated in Mississippi mud,
eyes on a cardinal fluttering above,
and trees' shadows painting
inky art onto flesh.

With every rustle of leaves,
I invoke a god that isn't human,
while sinking into sun-drenched earth.

Ode to Fallen Leaves
Stephanie Hartmann

Little hero
ejected from weak,
wooden arms
that couldn't
balance your bravery.
Carried by
the wind,
spinning, gliding,
floating above
empty streets.

You may land
on the sidewalk,
brown edges
curled off concrete,
dust between
dried veins.

A child may crush you
and you cheer
snapping dryness,
earning
a gapped grin.

You may top off
an award-winning pile
in that child's yard.
They'll jump and swim
in your crunching glory.

You may find a forest floor,
layering on other fallen soldiers.

You won't be interrupted here.

Deer carefully step around you,
spiders find home below you.

Here, you lay until rain falls to
Soak and soften your skin.

Become earth.
Fall again.

I am grateful to all who helped make the 2026 Mississippi Poetry Project come to life. The Mississippi Arts Commission, the Mississippi Humanities Council, and the English Department of the University of Mississippi have been constantly supportive, as has been Catherine Pierce, my predecessor as Poet Laureate, who created the project several years ago and was an indispensable fount of information and encouragement throughout the past few months. My warm thanks to Lucas Fisher for the cover illustration, to Caleb Fisher-Wirth for editorial assistance, and to Lucas Fisher, Caleb Fisher-Wirth, Kendall Dunkelberg, Beth Ann Fennelly, Melissa Ginsburg, Jennifer Key, and Peter Wirth, for helping me judge the entries. (None of these was paid for their services.)

Thank you also to the Mississippi Library Commission for helping to disseminate this collection to libraries throughout the state, and to Oxford Printing for their expertise and patience.

What a rewarding project this has been for me. I am especially grateful to the educators who brought the Mississippi Poetry Project into their schools and their classrooms and sent me their students' poems. Let's do it again next year!